

A S H R E A:
OR, THE
GROVE
OF
BEATITUDES,
Represented in
EMBLEMES:

And, by the
ART OF MEMORY,
To be read on our
Blessed SAVIOUR Crucifi'd:
WITH
Considerations & Meditations
suitable to every BEATITUDE.

Hoc pro Beatitudine meâ. Gen. c. 30.

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To the Lady M. B.

Madam,

IT is but just, this little Treatise should be particularly address'd to you, since I am to acknowledge, that the publishing of it, at this time, is, partly, an effect of that encouragement, which you sometime gave me to do it. The GROVE, into which I invite you, is the same you thought pleasant, even upon the first view of it. In one respect, it is indeed but a little one, as consisting, in all,

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but of Eight Trees; but when you shall consider them, representing to you the Eight great Lessons of Christian Resignation, and those again exemplifi'd upon that Tree, whereon the great Work of Man's Redemption receiv'd its period, you will haply think it a place, where though you retire into it every day, you may find new and fresh delights, which you may so improve here, as to attain eternal ones hereafter.

I know, Madam; how constant a practiser you are of the Virtues here recommended to you, and to what a height of pious exercises you are arriv'd

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riv'd thereby ; and consequently, that your Apprehensions of Sacred Mysteries need not the assistances of visible Objects, so much as those of some others may, who, moving in a lower Sphear, derive from what they see, a deeper and more lively reflection on what they do not. If these Endeavours of mine may have an influence onely on these latter ; if these Emblematical Representations be of some benefit and advantage to any, though the least of God's Servants : I shall neither think them mis-bestow'd, nor be asham'd of their meanness ; since what is done tends

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to the Acquisition of future
BEATITUDE, the End,
in order to which, we have
our present Being. That Bea-
tiful State ought to be the
Object of our Thoughts,
Wishes, Words, and Actions;
How much I wish it to all, let
this little Work; how particu-
rally to your self, Madam, let
the addressing of it to you, be
my Witness: with this fur-
ther assurance, that I am,

Madam,

Your most humble Servant,

E. M.

THE PREFACE,

Giving a Particular account of
the Design and Title of this
little Work ; as also of the
advantage of Artificial Mc-
mory therein.

Courteous Reader,

I Do here present thee with
a little Grove of Beati-
tudes, or Happineses,
which may be Entituled
ASHREA, a word, in the
Hebrew Tongue, signifying a
Wood or Grove; derived from
Ashar, which signifies to Beati-

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He or make blessed. May it be God's good pleasure, that this our Grove may produce the like effect, in all those, who shall devoutly walk into it.

Man and Beatitude are correlatives; for Man was created for happiness, and this pre-ordain'd for him. These two are so reciprocally link'd, that the word Ashre (in the sacred Tongue and plural number) signifies both happy Men and Beatitudes. So that, not only in character and sound, but also in substance these two seem, as it were, inseparable.

Now whereas this word Ashre (Beatitudes and Happy Men) is sometimes translated Beatitude

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tude or happy Man (as appears in the two first words of the first Psalm) we may collect a mystical sense, which is, that Man, happy in the plural number, may (at least in a Cabalistical way) denote, as it were, two men; the one, in this World, blessed in hope, the other, blessed in Heaven by fruition; the one, blessed amidst tears, mourning, persecution, &c. the other, blessed amidst joy and eternal repose; the one, by Grace, the other, by Glory.

In fine, the verb Ashar (to beatifie) hath two other significations; the one (in Pihel) to conduct, the other (in Kal) to go or proceed. For, where God conducts by his grace, there
a 5. man.

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man goes forward, and makes some progress, towards his final Beatitude; in order to the attainment whereof, all our better actions ought to be done. So that when we have performed any good action, we may say, with Leah, at her Maid Zi'pah's delivery of a Son, HOC PRO BEATITUDINE MEA, May this, and every action I produce, tend to God's glory, and contribute to the acquisition of my Beatitude.

I foresee an Objection which some of my Readers may make; and therefore I will endeavour to satisfy it. It may be question'd, to what end Artificial Memory should be inserted here, to render

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a man mindful of Beatitude, since Aristotle affirms it to be a Good, which all men desire; nay, so great a one, according to S. Augustine, that both good and evil men are desirous of it? So that being a thing so connatural to man, how is it to be imagin'd, he should forget that, which he so much desires? My answer is, that it is one thing to desire Beatitude, and another, to know what it is, and wherein it consists.

Whosoever, saith S. Augustine, burns with the flames of Avarice, hoards up wealth to no other end, then to be happy. The like doth the ambitious man to acquire worldly dignities; and
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the voluptuous, pleasures, wherein they place their several Beatitudes. But their happiness is such as may be consonant to their vicious and deprav'd desires, and consequently inconsistent with that true Beatitude, which can be pursu'd only by the good and vertuous.

To open therefore the eyes and ears of mortals, that they might hear and behold true Beatitude, the Son of God incarnate is said to have opened his own mouth, when he preached to his Apostles the Eight Beatitudes.

The place, where he pronounc'd these eight divine Sentences, was, as S. Hierom thinks, Mount Thabor; and Mount Calvary

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vary that, wherein he exemplify'd them in himself. So that, as good Examples speak in silence; so our Blessed Lord and Saviour crucifi'd, 1. By his Nakedness; 2. By his Head meekly bowing down; 3. By his Eyes weeping; 4. By his Mouth, saying, I thirst; 5. By his Side bleeding; 6. By his pure Heart pierc'd; 7. By his Hands nailed; and lastly by his Feet; doth teach us what we ought to do in order to our attainment of eternal bliss.

Behold here the eight places for exercise of this pious Art of Memory, wherein the devout Reader may find, as it were written, the Eight Beatitudes, in a Book, which lies always open, to
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be read, with such large Characters, as the shortest sight must needs reach, and the weakest memory retain; so lively set forth, that Beatitude, as in a Crystal-Mirroure, shall still present it self unto us.

1. For, how can I behold Christ naked, and not remember how poor he was in Spirit, Will, and Desire, who, living and dying, had no place whereon to rest his Head?

2. How can I view his dying Head humbly bowing down, with infinite patience, and not call to mind that, Blessed are the meek, who of this meekest Lamb, may learn patience and humility?

3. Can I look upon his Eyes,
di-

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distilling tears (for he wept on the Cross) and be unmindful, amidst the jollity of a life spent in delights and vanities, that they are blessed who mourn?

4. Can I fix mine eye on his sacred Mouth, crying out, I thirst, and not be presented with a remembrance of that true happiness which he pronounc'd to those, who hunger and thirst after righteousness, as he himself did, while he conceiv'd himself streightned, and thought the time tedious, till his hour was come, to suffer, and satisfie for us, in all rigor of justice?

5. As for his wounded Side, streaming forth bloud and water, how can it but revive and rub up
the

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the memory of the dullest and most unmerciful man? How can he behold that side pierc'd, and not be wounded with pity and commiseration towards the necessitous? How can he see that side exhausted of its last treasure of precious blood for his redemption, and yet forget the poor, and not relieve the miserable?

6. But when he passeth further, and by the rift, comes to behold his Saviour's wounded Heart, O what a copious and fertile place is there for a devout Art of Memory! Who reads not there, Blessed are the pure of heart? Who finds not there the Urim and Thummim, words which were inserted in the High Priest's

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Priest's Brest-plate ; but now, in a more perfect manner, enclos'd within the pure heart of our High Priest Christ Jesus ? What illuminations ! what ardors, which Urim signifie; what perfections ! what integrities (expressed by Thummim) were confin'd within the narrow limits of that divine heart ; which , still open, still invites the sinner to cleanse with that sacred water, and purifie with that precious blood, his spotted and defiled heart ? which must be, by receiving a wound of true compunction in his own, for the cleansing whereof the most innocent and pure heart of his Lord and Saviour was so pierced.

7. Now

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7. Now for as much as there is a secret sympathy and correspondence between the heart and the hand, who can elevate his eyes to Christ's right hand nail'd to the Cross, and not call to minde, that Blessed are the peace-makers; and among them, that great Peace-maker, who, being our Mediator, interpos'd himself between God and us, and received the wounds and heavy chastisement, which our heinous sins deserved? Who can behold both his hands lifted up to heaven, and not call to mind our innocent Abel, whose blood cries to heaven for mercy, to reconcile us to his Father? Who can see those sacred hands fasten'd

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fasten'd to the Cross, and not reflect, that he ought to be so far from inciting others to dissention, that it should be his main endeavour, to fasten their hands, by an amicable composure of their differences, and a charitable mediation between them?

8. Lastly, inasmuch as Persecution belongs to the Feet, either to fly, or stay and suffer, descend from thy Saviour's sacred Hands, to his Feet, in like manner transfix'd with nails. Who is it that can humbly kiss the right foot, with a kind of hope to be plac'd on Christ's right hand, and forbear to do the like to the left, with a compliant heart, ready to suffer persecution for righteous-

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teousness sake? Can our memory so far fail us, as, when we fix our eyes on these tender feet, to be forgetful, how they were blister'd with long journies, in the search of lost souls; and at last, how, with weary and feeble steps, they ascended Mount Calvary, to that extream persecution, thereby to enfranchise us, and make us capable of admission into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Thus may we behold our second Adam, naked, yet encompassed with Beatitudes, that he might cloath the sinful naked Adam, who was environed with miseries! If to remember the last things be not to sin; certainly, to be vers'd in this Art of Memory,

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memory, will be, not only to eschew evil, but also to do good, and to acquire that Beatitude, which makes a man eternally happy.

And whereas I have so often mentioned this Art of Memory, I now come to bestow some few lines, by way of direction, to satisfy their curiosity, who are lovers of it, in order to the advantage they may make thereof.

LOCAL MEMORY depends on several places dispos'd at a certain distance one from the other, purposely consign'd to quicken the Memorative power. And this is wrought, by presenting one thing to it by the representation of some other, accompany'd with a reason, why that other was there placed.

By

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this means, Remembrance, or Reminiscence (which is an attendant to Reason) presents us with that which we had otherwise forgotten. Nay, to use S. Augustine's words, We had forgotten it in some sort; yet by that part of the thing, which we remembered (which was the reason why) we seek the other part, which we remember not. For the Memory being at a loss for want of a full notion, desireth what is wanting may be added, which is the Reason left in the place; and the thing which I left there, that at my return, I might find it by Reminiscence.

To render what hath been said the more easily comprehensible by

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Re- example ; My place (which, like
en- the first matter, stands in an in-
ith differency as to all forms, or as
ise soft Wax, susceptible of all im-
u- pressions) shall be, Jonas swal-
t- lowed up by the Whale, which I
at seem really to behold. Now if I
e- am, for instance, to commit U-
n- sury to this place, I give my rea-
, son to my self, to wit, because it
r devours men in their Estates.

Again, if the word, or matter,
of Obedience occur, I place it on
the Whale, which, commanded
by the power of Heaven, was
ready to receive Jonas cast over-
board by the Mariners. If af-
terwards, at some other time, In-
nocence, either in word or mat-
ter, is to be placed on or about
the

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the Whale, I dispose it in the jaws of that Monster, with my reason, because they did not crush or so much as hurt Jonas, in the reception of him.

Nay, to be short, what is there, but may be, according this Art, placed on the Whale swallowing Jonas? For instance, If solemn vows or promises; if prayers and repentance, I place them on Jonas. If I would remember Pride, I place it on the Nostrils of the Whale, spouting out water into the air. If Humility, I place it on Musculus, a little fish, which, as some affirm, always goes before the Whale. If Arrogance occur, or Ambition, I lay it on the Mountain of Water, which

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which its vast back raises up. If Strength and Impetuosity, I place them on the tail. In fine, if Combination of little ones to confront the greater, I place it on a shoal of Herrings, attempting to encounter the Whale. The like Method is to be us'd as to other heads. And this is a summary account of Local, or Artificial Memory.

Now if the Prophet David doubted not to say to God himself, Why dost thou turn away thy face? Why hast thou forgotten to be gracious? And, Lord, remember David and all his troubles; Why may not I (and that, I hope, without offence) affirm, that a kind of

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Local Memory may be attributed to God? Nay, why not much rather remembrance then forgetfulness? The Rainbow shall be in the clouds, saith the Text, as spoken by God himself, And I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant. Here we may say, the place consign'd was the Rainbow, on which the Covenant, to be remembred, was placed; and by that Rainbow was prefigured Christ, on the Cross, whom his Father beholding is moved to mercy, and compassion towards sinners.

And why should not we wretched sinners, whenever we behold, or represent to our selves this
this

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this Rain-bow (to wit, Christ crucifi'd and fasten'd to the Cross) diversifi'd with the several colours of red, and white, and black, and blew, &c. immediately call to mind what he suffered, and for whom he suffered? And, why may we not, upon that representation, according to the foresaid Art, assign eight several places, at certain distances, for our better remembrance and practice of the Eight Beatitudes? And whereas the Lord said, that the Rain-bow should be seen in the Clouds, why may not the representation of our Saviours bitter Passion be our Remembrancer, how that he was encompassed, not only with a

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cloud, but with a total eclipse of heaviness and grief? In fine, if God said, that he would look upon the Rain-bow, that he might remember his Covenant; ought not we frequently to imagine to selves a sight of him, who is the Angel of the Covenant, the Prince of Peace, and the Mirrour, and great Exemplar of patience and meekness? When we reflect on his nakedness on the Cross, shall we not thence derive a certain memento, how poor he was in spirit, and so of the rest; with a reason, why each Beatitude is consign'd to its proper place.

It will not be impertinent, in this place, to bring in what S. Augustine

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of gustine says, in his Boook of
ne, Confessions, lib. 10. as having
ok reference both to our subject, Bea-
he titude, and what we have de-
; liver'd concerning our Art of
a- Memory. All of us, saith he,
oo would fain be happy: which if
t, we did not apprehend with a
e certain kind of notice we could
f not all desire it with so reso-
lute a will; which certain kind
of notice may be understood
of the Memory, wherein the
knowledge of Beatitude is re-
newed.

AN INVITATION

To the Grove of
BEATITUDES.

Emblematically represented
by Eight Trees.

Here no Sylvanus haunts our Grove,
Here no prophane wild Satyrs rove,
Nor in our glades,
And blisful shades,
Diana and her Nymphs resort
To chase the nimble Deer, and sport.
A fairer wight,
More pure and bright,
Than rosie morn, that sweetly breathes,
Appears, crown'd with immortal wreathes.
The Starrie skyes,
With radiant Eyes,
Are not so beauteous, clear, and fair,
Nor, for the night and day, a pair,
That glorious shine;
Shes so divine.

Bea-

Beatitude! whom you may see,
Crowned with a Cornel Tree,
Which forward Springs,
And blossoms brings,
Ere levie crests, to shroud appear,
To wanton with the winds, for here,
Unknown before,
In spirit poor,
Beatitude, to her retreat,
Poor in desire, hath fixt her seat,
In Heaven whose store,
Lasts evermore.

Hence pass along, that you may be
Blest by your sight, when you shall see
This fair one sit,
Whom never yet
Blind mortals found. Then for her seek,
A Lady humble, gentle, meek,
Whose powerful Hand,
Doth seize the Land;
Like to the Arched Tree, which sends
A thousand shoots, for so she sends
Down to the Earth,
Blest by the birth
Of humble bringers, which deeply take
Firm root in Heaven, and happy make,

For ever blest,
When shee's possess'd.

III.

The weeping Myrrh-Tree next in sight,
Is shading this sad mourning wight:
For at this Tree
Distills, so shee
Drops Orient Pearls, which shining, are,
Then Indian Gems, more precious far,
Which never soile
Sad Grief's the foil.

IV.

Move farther yet into our Grove,
And view the Tree which bears the Clove,
Bloom'd like a nail,
You shall not fail
To find her, where, upon the ground
Shee (thirsting) sits encompass'd round,
Midst such a plat,
As yet could not
Admit a naughty weed to grow;
The sap of Grace shee's thirsting so,
Which doth impart
Life to the Heart.

V.

Shee's gone from thence, fly, fly, make hasten
To follow her, and find her place
Under

Under the shade,
A Tree hath made,
Bears Adam's Apples : No time's lost,
To split them, and behold how crost

In every fruit,
Which well doth suit
With her, who wounded deep with Grief,
Feeles others' manner, and gives relief.

And when you see,
Upon this Tree,
Large spreading leaves, know she is blest,
Finder Mercy, and joys to vest

The naked poore

To augment her store.

Yet spieken of this glorious wight,
Be sure to keep her still in fight,

Whom if you lose,
Your Hearts repose
In blis is gone, see where retir'd

Shes (fairly) fir'd by Heaven inspir'd,

Which Silem Breast,
To take her rest,

Where Figs upon the Tree were green,
And hardy, until a Quat was seen

To be so kind,

As wound the rind ;

In Emulation of a Tree, has
Fallne

Falls from her Eyes;
By blessings which each doth impart,
To wash and cleanse our dur'd Heart,
The affected Eye

VII.

Shee's risen thence, pursue her Will,
You shall, you must; nor covet lest
Than happiness.

Behold this active Virgin sits,
Where the sweet amorous Wood-Blind knits
With clasping Arms,
And powerful Charms,
A neighbouring pair of Stands, which fought
Blown by the winds, till round about
It girdles, and bindes,
And clings and windes;
Like her who never doth surcease
(Beatitude!) to link, make peace,
Unite with bands,
Both Hearts and Hands.

VIII.

In fine: This Lady yet removes
Unto a spreading Vine, which loves
That it may bear
In time of year

To have her branches prun'd, and gyves
To bind her Arms, for so she thrives,

Fixt to a wall,

But seeming thrall

Is Persecution, which, who takes,
And (patient) bears, he muck forsakes,

And leaves his bold

Of dross, for Gold.

What then is he, so gross, and rude,
That covets not Beatitude?

1. In Spirit poor,
T' abound with store?

2. Meek to possess,
True happiness?

3. Mourn midst annoy,
To reap with joy?

4. Thirst, Hunger fill,
To have his fill?

5. Pitiiful-kind,
Mercy to find?

6. Pure-hearted, see,
And Blessed be?

7. Peaceful in Life,
Composing strife?

8. Suffer, and take
Affliction, make?

A Crown on Earth, in Heaven of Light,
When fair Beatitude, more bright,
Shall be compleat in God, th' Abyss
Of joy, and everlasting Bliss.

ASH-

ASHREA:

OR,

The Grove

OF

BEATITUDES:

Represented in

EMBLEMES.



THE
Eight B E A T I T U D E S.

Blessed are the poor in Spirit : for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the Earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after Righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed are the Peace-makers : for they shall be called the Children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for Righteousness sake : for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.



The First

BEATITUDE.

*Blessed are the poor in Spirit: for
theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

EMBLEME I.

The Cornel-Tree.



So naked (Blossom-like) you see

A Man is born. Ah! but if he

In Spirit were as poor! Then which

'Mongst Mortals here could I term Rich?

THis Cornelia, or Cornel-Tree, in February begins to bloom, and bears blossoms long before there is any appearance of Leaves, to secure and shroud them from the injuries of Wind and Weather. This is the true Embleme of Man, who is born naked, and springs forth like a tender Blossome; As Job saith, Naked came I from the womb of my Mother, and naked shall I return.

From which we may learn this Lesson. That as man is born poor and naked in Body, so should he be in Spirit; that is, in Will and Desire; seeing that as he brought nothing into this World, so shall he not carry any thing out of it.

Now forasmuch as man is naturally too apt to be over-sollicitous for the things of this World, he may learn from this Cornell-Tree, That if he make it his first Endeavour to bud, and blossom, and fructify in Virtue, a short time will furnish him with all the consequent Advantages and Conveniences of Humane Life. For, this Tree does afterwards plentifully bring forth Leaves, to shelter and shadow its Fruit: As if it should say, according to our Blessed Saviour's expression, First seek the Kingdom of Heaven; first bloom in Vir-

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tree, nourish'd by the sap of *Grace*, spreading it self from the *Root* of Christian Humility, into all the Boughs and Branches; that is, into all your Actions; *and all other things shall be added unto you*. Leaves shall not be wanting, that is, Cloaths to cover you; besides other Necessaries, which are all in fine but Leaves: Nay, Honours and Dignities, what are they but withering Leaves? What, Wealth or rich Apparel, but Leaves, whereof Man is soon despoil'd, and left poor and naked? What, voluptuous Pleasures, but Leaves, which so soon as enjoy'd shrink up and vanish?

Oh! what a bleak Autumn and Fall of the Leaf (sudden, and unexpected) is that we find in this our Vale of Misery! Who then would not be *poor in Spirit*, and *naked in his Affections* to the leafy Creatures of this transitory Life, that he may bloom to Eternity?

This is the *poverty*, which lighteneth the heart of Man, formerly clogg'd with too much care and sollicitude. With this poverty of Spirit a Man runs freely towards Heaven his Country.

With this is accompanied Humility, which lesseneth Man to himself, that he may lie hidden and secure, like a Blossom, under the Leaves, never to be blasted with Pride.

On this Humility Patience attends, and enables a Man to suffer with Christ. It is the Enemy and Self-love that surcharge Man with worldly cares, riches, and vices; which are but Leaves, without the Blossoms of Virtue. These are they which puff up Man with ambitious thoughts, that he, high aspiring, may find a precipice. These incite great Spirits to toil and labour; yet so as that, out of breath even to the World, they may happily at last reflect on Christ crucified; and, in his nakedness, read, *Blessed are the poor in Spirit; for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.*

Might not he be said to be poor in Spirit, that lies gasping and labouring for breath, while every minute he apprehends Death at his Elbow, ready to stifle him? To be as poor in Spirit in another sense, is to conceive the like; That death is neighbouring as neer unto us, which when it comes, dismantles the covetous Heart of Man, as well as his Body. Why then shall not I prevent him, by being disengag'd from the extream desire of Riches, and ve-

*Caput iam transiit,
prope est aetas vita,
falsæ acutior, instat
messor terribilis. Gr.
N. xianz.*

rifie what S. Jerome assures us to be true; That He easily contemns all things, who is always thinking that he shall die:

That,

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That, if his Body be a flourishing green Meadow, Death, the Mower, is at hand: That, if it be a beauteous Flower, in an instant 'tis cropt: And finally, If his Life be but a vapour, it is soon dispell'd.

Ah! what an earthy substance interposeth 'twixt the Heart of Man and the Sun of Justice! And what a dark Eclipse is thereby caused in their Souls who are not poor in Spirit?

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

I. BEATITUDE.

*Of our Blessed Saviour's Nakedness
upon the Cross.*

THe Crucifix, or Representation of our Blessed Saviour crucifi'd, is a Book, where n may be read the Eight *Beatitudes*, preached by him when he was upon Earth, as some conceive on Mount *Thabor*; and afterwards exemplifi'd in him on Mount *Calvary*.

At first aspect, as your eye reflects on Christ crucified, you behold him naked, by which you may read the first Beatitude, *Blessed are the poor in Spirit*; that is to say, poor in *Will* and *Desire* of having any thing of this World; and therefore he would die as naked as he came into it: Teaching us hereby, how naked we should be in our Affections, ready to be despoil'd of worldly Riches for his sake; And so poor in Spirit, as to lose our last breath, rather then de-y our Faith, or him, by preferring his Creatures before him.

Consider how poor our Lord and Saviour was in Spirit, who did annihilate and evacuate himself, taking upon him the form of a Servant; And how, for thy Redemption, he gave himself unto thee, and for thee; to restore thee to thy self, who wert lost and utterly undone by sin.

Now seeing he may wholly claim thee by right of Creation, whereby he gave thee to thy self; what hast thou left to render unto him for thy Redemption? In the Creation of the World he spake the word, and it was done; but to redeem Man, he spake, did, and suffered that for which thou art infinitely indebted.

Say then with the Prophet David, *What shall I render to our Lord for all that which*
be

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he hath given me: He desires but my self, poor in Spirit, and naked in mine Affections to the transitory things of this Life; which cannot be, till I abandon my self, whom while I cherish and pamper, through disordinate love, I shall still be coveting the pelf of the World, pleasures, dignities, and self-esteem; so far from being poor in Spirit, Will, and Desire, that I am involv'd and cloath'd, as it were, with a burthen of earthly Cares and Concupiscences, which having cast off by poverty of Spirit, we walk more freely towards Heaven our Country.

A Beggar, the more naked he appears, the more he moves to pity and compassion, and with more confidence intrudes to receive an Alms then another in better Apparel. So, to beg an Alms from God, *from whom every good and perfect gift descends*, present thy self as naked and poor in Spirit as thou canst: Acknowledge thy self to have been hitherto an unprofitable servant; naked, as to all desert; poor and abject in Spirit, not having serv'd him with alacrity in time of afflictions, crosses, or desolations of soul.

Then make a generous resolution for the time to come, with a humble resignation, to desire or have nothing but with conformity

mity to his holy Will and Pleasure, and say;

“O most poor, and most enriching
 “Lord, who dost invest and cloath all, yet
 “on the Cross art naked: Bounteous in
 “thy spiritual Graces and Favours; yet so
 “poor in Spirit and Desire, that thou hast
 “no place whereon to rest thy dying head;
 “yet hast promised a Kingdom to those
 “who, with thee, are poor in Spirit. Be-
 “hold, I renounce here whatsoever the
 “flattering World shall allure me with; I
 “abandon all rather than forsake thee:
 “Nay, not only these exterior things; but
 “I also desire to be so naked and poor in
 “Spirit, as not to have a *Memory*, but to
 “call to mind and think often of thy infi-
 “nite Mercy and Love towards me; no
 “*Understanding*, but to ruminate and se-
 “riously ponder thy manifold Sufferings,
 “and Benefits conferred on me; no *Will*,
 “but to love thee, and my Neighbour in,
 “and for thee: In such sort, that being
 “entirely resign’d to thy holy Will and
 “Pleasure, I may say with thine Apostle,
 “*I live; now not I, but Christ lives in me.*

Were not he in some sort poor in Spirit,
 that should (if it were possible) live and
 breathe, move and speak, by the motions
 of another's Soul, and die as it were to his

OWN?

Of BEATITUDES. II

own? Such was S. Paul's, in whom Christ (I may say) lived and breath'd, mov'd and spake.

Contrariwise, How rich were he in Spirit (in Will and Desire) whose Soul should be wholly addicted to Self-love, and proper Interest? That breathes nothing wherein Christ is concerned, but pursues only Ambition, (a Spirit that swells and puffs up the heart?) That moves not but by the agitation of a coveting Spirit: Like a Silk-worm; in fine, to involve it self in a web of darkness and oblivion.

It is a great and shameful abuse (saith S. Bernard) for Man (a poor and abject Worm) greedily to covet Riches, for whom the Lord of Majesty vouchsafed to bee poor. A shame to be always toiling and weaving like a Silk-worm; which as it throwds it self more and more, is the nearer death, to leave to Posterity a silken web for Pride; as a Parent doth often-time his Inheritance, after a life unhappily consum'd in avaritious Desires, which, like a gloomy Cloud, had so darkened the eye of the Soul, that fine (which had been infus'd into the Body like a ray from Heaven) was even obscured it self: As S. Augustine complains; The blindness of mans heart is so great, and the inward ear of the Soul so deaf, that he desires

fires to have all things but himself ; which must be such a Self, as he may truly say with David, *What is there in Heaven for me ? and (being poor in Spirit) what do I desire on Earth but thee ?* My flesh and heart faints and languisheth ; my Spirit is poor and enfeebled, to all that which this World presents me with ; *Thou (O Lord) art the God of my heart, my portion, my God for ever.*

Unhappy then are the avaritious, who have a god (Gold their Idol,) but not for ever ; rich in the desire of earthly trash, but unhappily poor in Spirit ; that aspire not to the possession of that Treasure which no rust shall canker , nor length of time consume.

How can I behold the naked Blossom springing from the *Cornell-Tree* in cold February, and not remember how I came into this wretched World, exposed to Hunger, Thirst, cold, heat, weariness, Infirmities, Death? Poor Blossom Man ! How soon blasted, how suddenly withered ! which all thy leafy Riches cannot prevent. Who then would not rather be poor in Spirit ? as naked in his Affections to worldly self, as his Saviour dying naked on the Cross ? But naked, to enrich me ; hungry and thirsting there, but to save me ; cold, to infuse into my
Soul

Soul the ardors of his Love; expos'd to heat, but to quench my immoderate Desires; weary, to refresh me; weak, to strengthen me; and finally, dying, to give me a life of eternal Beatitude, in a Kingdom which he hath promised to the poor in Spirit.

I will consider why King *Danid* is said to have swept his Spirit, meditating with his heart in the night. Was it not by sweeping, to cast out of doors the dust of worldly cogitations, and terrene desires; which, like dust, obscures and even blinds the eyes of the Soul? Was he not poor in Spirit, when he had swept together and cast out the dust of transitory things, that he might contemplate the eternal? Therefore he said in the precedent verse, That he had thought of the ancient days and time of Mans life, wherein he enjoys Riches and worldly felicity; to which he opposing the Riches of Heaven and Eternity, says, He retain'd in mind the everlasting years.

If we have our several rooms in the vast habitacle of our Soul, none is so often to be swept as that where intrudes sollicitude to be harboured, accompanied with care and anxiety of mind, together with fear, that presents us with the future losses or crosses which may occur: And therefore, for prevention,

vention, all the powers of the Soul are summoned to be vigilant and cautious, for the safeguard and increase of wealth, by which poverty in *Spirit* and *Will* is cast out of doors.

THE

The Second
BEATITUDE.

*Blessed are the meek: for they shall
 inherit the Earth.*

EMBLEME II.

The Indian Fig-Tree.



*So do the Meek, to fix their Roots,
 Humbly let down as many Shoots,
 As good Desires, which spring from Love,
 Take root in Heaven, the Land above.*

This

THIS Tree, above all others, may be said to be possessed of, or to inherit the Earth : For the Branches of it, bending downwards to the ground, no sooner touch it, but they immediately take root, and grow up into other Trees, which afterwards produce others ; so that in time they spread over all the ground they meet with ; and yet all, though stragling over a great quantity of ground, may be said to be but one Tree. Another thing commonly observ'd of these Trees is, that they afford a secure retreat, not only to the wild Boars, and other Beasts, but also to the Inhabitants of those Countries where they grow, who, having garrison'd themselves within them, defy all Enemies.

In like manner, a pious and fruitful Soul, in order to her possession of the Land of the Living, produceth many active thoughts, diffuses her self into good actions ; which yet obeying the check of Humility, descends to be more deeply root-ed. Thus the Soul sits on and lay hold of that which is their heavenly Inheritance, *de virtute in virtutem*, passing from one Virtue to another, and saying with S. Augustine, *As yet I follow ; yet I profit ; yet I walk ; yet I am in the way ; yet I dilate my self yet I arrive not.*

Be-

OF BEATITUDES. 17

Behold, how like this *Indian Fig-Tree*, the devout Soul makes her progress, and advances forward, still taking new root, still laying faster hold, never accounting her self secure, or that she hath done enough, as submitting to the advice of the same *S. Augustine*, to wit, this; *Let that which thou art always displease thee, if thou wilt arrive to what thou art not.* For (saith he elsewhere) *wherever thou makest a stop, without proceeding any further, there thou pleasest only thy self.* A man must not therefore fix a *Ne plus ultra* to his better thoughts and Actions, but go on, like this Tree, and be continually supply'd with good Desires, as that produceth new shoots, which as it were grasp the Earth, to take a firmer and fuller possession thereof.

Moreover, we finde by experience, that when a Tree is slightly planted, or its roots decay'd, there needs no great storm to overthrow it. Such is that man who is not humbly meek and patient: One violent puff of anger is able to dispossess him of the Land; yea, and of his own Soul, which cannot be possess'd but by patience, nor by any but the meek and humble.

Now if you demand why the meek are rather said to possess the Land, than any other Element; I answer, While our Sa-
viour

viour was mortal, he appeared to his Disciples walking on the waves of the Sea, to intimate thereby the mutability of man during this life: But after his Resurrection, having a glorified Body, he stood on the firm Land, to signifie (as S. Gregory expounds) that after this life man shall enjoy a permanent tranquillity and repose in the Land of the Living.

The Earth patiently (as I may say) supports all, and continues immovable: So doth the meek and humble man; while the haughty and impatient are inconstant, like the Air; turbulent, like the Sea; and crackle and sparkle, like the Fire.

When the like happeneth unto thee, reflect thine eye on the sacred Head of thy Redeemer meekly bowing down; while the ungrateful Jews revile and blaspheme against him; where he saith, *Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest in your Souls, tranquillity in your thoughts, and, in fine, that solid land that shall render you for ever happy; the Land of the living, which I now purchase for you; the Land of Promise, into which I am your Joshua to conduct you; from Egypt (the World) a Land of Servitude, to a Land of Freedom and Immunity;*

from

from feeding on Garlick and Onions, to
taste the sweet Repast of Angels.

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

II. BEATITUDE.

*Of the bowing down of our Blessed Sa-
viour's Head.*

HAVING in the precedent Beatitude
learn'd a lesson of Poverty, by the
consideration of our Saviours nakedness on
the Cross, behold here his sacred Head
meekly bowing down, whereby is expres-
sed the second Beatitude, *Blessed are the
meek; for they shall inherit, or possess, the
Earth.* Now as these Waters which lye
next the Shore, may be said to possess the
Shore, at least during a Calm, so it can
only be affirmed of the meek and patient
man, that he possesseth his Soul; according
to the words of our Saviour, *In your pati-
ence you shall possess your Souls; and,*

Learn

Learn of me, for I am meek and humble of heart, and you shall find rest to your Souls; a quiet calm, and sweet repose.

To be meek, is to converse without giving offence, and to bear injuries without thought of Revenge, or perturbation of Mind; as our Lord did, with head meekly inclin'd, while the Jews uttered Blasphemies and Contumelies against him.

Having this Precedent still before my eyes, I will resolve in this Book to study meekness and patience, not rendring evil for evil, but by good to overcome evil.

And the better to conceive the excellency of Meekness, I will make a lively representation to my self of the Vice which is contrary thereto, by a swelling and tempestuous Sea, whose Billows, rais'd by the Winds, violently beat against the Rocks on the Shore. Foaming thus with fury are the wrathful and impatient.

Then reflect thine eye on our Lord meekly bowing down his Head, like a calm Sea, or like a Sheep despoil'd of his Fleece, naked on the Cross, opening not his mouth, but to pray for his Enemies, saying, *Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.*

Think what Land it is which the meek shall

of BEATITUDES. 21

shall possess. If the Earth thy Body, thou shalt have possession of it, and dominion over it by meekness, while thy Passions are subject to reason. Contrariwise, the wrathful are so transported, that losing as 'twere themselves, they are cast out of possession of themselves, while the Heart swells with Envy, the Eyes sparkle with Fury, the Feet are running, and the Hands ready to execute Revenge; like one fallen into a deep River, who not able to swim nor touch ground with his Feet, is overwhelmed, and in danger of drowning.

Behold the state of an angry and revengeful Man, who possesseth not the Land of solid Patience, being wholly drown'd in his turbulent Passions; loseth himself utterly for a time, as a man distraught; whom by meekness God should here possess in the Land of the Dying, that he may be possessed of God for ever in the Land of the Living, which is promised to the meek.

Let him therefore who is become so absolutely a slave to that passion, make this short Ejaculation to the great Exemplar of Meekness.

“ O patient Redeemer and meek Lamb,
“ who takest away the sins of the World;
“ If by beholding the brazen Serpent, the
“ poyson of Serpents was expelled; how
“ can

"can I behold thee, the pure and unspotted
 "mirror of Meekness, and yet retain en-
 "mity and rancor in my heart? If no
 "storms and blustering winds are predom-
 "inant at Sea, while the *Hulcyon* is
 "nestling and brooding near the shore,
 "grant all stormy Passions may be stay'd
 "by thy powerful presence in my heart;
 "by thee only, who art the solid Land,
 "and my total happiness; which I beseech
 "I may possess here on Earth by Grace,
 "and afterwards in Glory.

"Let Worldlings contend, and vex
 "themselves about recovery or possession
 "of Lands, of which they must in fine
 "be dispossest; It is good for me to ad-
 "here to God, and seek him in the Land
 "of the Living, where the humble, meek,
 "and patient (whose Hearts on Earth were
 "a place of sweet repose) enjoy him in
 "eternal tranquillity.

The Kingdom of Heaven is within you
 (saith our Lord:) And consequently, that
 firm and compleat tranquillity of Heaven
 begins on Earth by Grace, to be perfected
 by Glory. Within this little Kingdom of
 ours, what a commotion is rais'd by wrath!
 what a perturbation by enmity! what a
 rebellion, when Meekness and Patience is
 banished out of the Soul by Passion!

When

When such mutinies therefore arise within me, whither shall I hasten for redress? To whom shall I seek for assistance? but to the wounded Head of my Saviour, meekly bowing down to give me the kiss of Peace, and infuse meekness into my Soul! But now (alas!) he is not able by words to command the storm to cease, as he did when his Apostles feared drowning. No. But will it not suffice to pacify thee (O my Soul) enrag'd, to behold thy Lord and meek Lamb more firmly fix'd by patience and meekness, then by the nails that transfix'd his hands and feet? What a commotion was then in the Universe! the Earth opening, Rocks splitting, the Temples Veil rending, the Thief reviling, and the Jews blaspheming. And if at that time the Stars were shining, they were like so many Eyes to admire the wonderful meekness and patience of our Redeemer.

In fine, If the corporal Eye, dull'd and dazled with a long and tedious aspect of glittering objects; If (I say) that be refresh'd by looking stedfastly on a green Emerald, shall not the sight of his sacred Head meekly inclining, be as powerful to banish from the inward Eye that dark cloud of passionate wrath that circumselves and stupifies the intellectual part?

I will go (said Moses) and behold this great Vision, why the bush that burns consumes not. For could he expect less than a crackling noise from a thorny Bush environed with Flames? If this were miraculous, what is it to behold that very God of *Abraham*, God of *Isaac*, and God of *Jacob* (which appeared in the Bush) with a Head meekly bowing down, wreath'd with a Crown of Thorns, amidst flames of Love, burning, but not consuming; meekly hearing the Jews, and patiently suffering, while they blasphem'd, revil'd, and scorn'd him? O my Soul, what a great Vision is this to iuvire thee to meekness and patience! Thou likewise art inclos'd as in a thorny Bush, (thy Body) where for a light injury, or small affront, thou dost not only burn, but art even consum'd with the flame of wrath and indignation, sparkling and crackling like a Fire amongst Thorns.

To prevent the like flames of fury, go sometimes to see this great Vision, the Head of thy Saviour crown'd with Thorns, meekly bowing down, and as it were beckning unto thee, to come and learn of him, to be meek and humble of heart; learn to possess thy self, and thereby take possession of the Land which he hath promised

mised to the meek and humble of heart.

God placed in the Clouds his bended Rain-bow that he might be mindful of his Covenant ; and on the Cross he hath fix'd his only begotten Son, whose head meekly bending while he beholds, he becomes a meek and merciful God to man, who by his manifold sins provokes him to wrath. How then, canst thou elevate thine eyes sparkling with wrath against them that injure thee, and not be pacified, when thou beholdest this meek wounded Head, bowing down to give thee the kiss of Peace : meekly hearing, and patiently bearing blasphemous words and wrongs that were so outrageous and injurious to Innocence ? What then should a guilty soul patiently suffer for his sake ? If His sacred head be crown'd with sharp thorns, wouldst thou have thine (notwithstanding) be encompassed with Roses ? If his head meekly bow down, shall thine be rais'd up by pride ? or threaten revenge to them that offend thee ? Finally, if his brow pierc'd with thorns, be not any way contracted with wrinkles against his enemies, smooth thy furrowed brow by meekness, and, for his sake, and according to his example, love even those that hate thee.

The Third
BEATITUDE

*Blessed are they that mourn, for they
 shall be comforted.*

EMBLEME III.

The Myrrhe-Tree.



*So of himself, as soon as born,
 The tender Babe begins to mourn;
 But after, pierc'd with griefs and scars,
 Hee's more and more distilling tears.*

The

THe Myrrhe-Tree, of it self naturally distils, and, as it were, sheds tears; but more abundantly when it is prick'd and wounded. Behold the Embleme and Type of Man, who is born weeping, as being (to use Saint Austin's expression) a Prophet presaging his own future calamities.

Man likewise naturally weeps for the loss or death of a dear friend; so doth a Parent for his lost, or deceased Child; as Jacob did for Joseph, and David for his Son Absalon. Such tears ought to be moderate, according to the saying of the Son of Sirach, *Modicum plora super mortuum: Weep not much over the dead.*

Temporal losses and afflictions do also force tears, from those who suffer them, as they did from Job cap. 24.v.ult. *My harp also is turned to mourning, and my organ into the voice of them that weep.*

But when a man sheds tears out of remorse and compunction, he is wounded like the Myrrh-Tree. Thus was David wounded, when he said, *In the night-time, I will wash my bed with my tears.* What sins how great and enormous soever, but may be swallowed up in such a flood, as Pharaoh and his Army was in the red Sea? Or

what Flames can be so great, as not to be extinguish'd by such a fountain ?

There are likewise tears of Compassion, as *Job* says, *I wept over him that was afflicted, and my soul took compassion on the poor.* After this manner, *David* weeps for *Saul* ; and *Tobias* for his Countrey men, oppress'd with miseries.

With like tears of Commiseration, we may mourn with our Lord, while we meditate on his bitter Passion : for, as *S. Augustine* says, *He is not a true member of Christs Body, that weeps not with the Head.*

There are likewise tears of Devotion, which issue forth out of an ardent desire to enjoy the happy Vision of God. Or, when a devout Soul, replenish'd with the sweetness of God, mourns for the absence of her beloved Spouse. For, *Love* (saith *S. August.*) *is impatient, neither is there any moderation in tears, unless the Lover may enjoy that which he loves.*

Tears likewise are shed by devout persons, when they behold grievous sins committed, which are so injurious and offensive to Almighty God. After this manner *Esdra*s wept, and the Apostles for their Lord, when he was so cruelly treated by the Jews, as he had foretold, saying, *you shall mourn and weep.* More-

Moreover, tears are shed by those, who, out of Devotion, and excess of spiritual joy, even melt with the contemplation of heavenly Mysteries. Which kind of joy, S. *Augustine* had experienced, when he assures us, that the more a devout Soul is filled with holy and fervent desires, the more abundantly he weeps in Prayer; and mourns, as *David* did, crying out, *Ay is me that my sojourning and abode on earth is prolonged: I have dwelt with the inhabitants of Kedar; my soul hath been a long time a stranger. Therefore my tears have been bread to me day and night, while it is said unto me, Where is thy God?*

Our blessed Saviour speaking of his Passion, calls it a Baptism, by which his sacred body was bathed in blood, and his face in tears, like the Myrrhe-tree wounded on all sides and parts of his body with thorns, whips, nails, and spear. Behold him in this sad and heavy plight, mourn and weep with him, while he exemplifies in himself the third Beatitude, *Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted.*

CONSIDERATIONS
ON THE
III. BEATITUDE.

*Of the Eyes of our Blessed Saviour
weeping.*

IN this third Beatitude, consider a happiness opposite to flesh and blood, viz. to weep and mourn; which our Lord did many times, but never was seen to laugh. He mourn'd and wept on the Cross, and was comforted; seeing by the effusion of tears, and blood, he was to redeem us from the tyranny of Satan.

Mourning is an attendant as unseparable from man, as the shadow from the body. He that condoles the death of a dear friend, mourns in black for a year. How long then, shall he mourn that lives as an exile upon earth! If he call to mind his manifold sins, how can he do less then mourn? Or, if he seriously think of the dreadful day of Judgment, how can he but fearfully consider what he shall be, and mourn, not knowing the event. Or, if he fix his thoughts

thoughts on the many miseries and dangers of this Life, should he not mourn, considering where he is? Or finally, elevating his eyes from the residence of mortality, can he contemplate the joyes of Heaven, and not aspire and sigh with *David*, because his sojourning is prolong'd? not mourn, because he is not where he would be?

O my Soul, What hast thou been? Sinful. Where shalt thou be? As yet it is unknown. Where art? A Prisoner in thy Body, in a vale of tears. Where art thou not? Not in Heaven; not with God thy Centre, but in the way a Pilgrim going towards him. Run, then, that thou mayst comprehend; *And seeing to be dissolv'd, and be with Christ is thy happiness*, weep with him, that with him, and by him, thou mayst be comforted.

Here pause a while, and then consider; To condemn the world, is to be poor in Spirit. To have Repose of Mind is to be meek; after which follows Mourning. For if a Man attend to himself and others, he shall find nothing but what is lamentable, while he beholds his own, and all the enormous crimes of the world, which is altogether bent to malignities; Who then can be so insensible as not to mourn? so drie as not to shed one tear?

O my Soul, Is it thou which art so barren? If to suffer with Christ be to reign with him; to be comforted, thou must weep with him. If he call thy sins his own, if he mourn for thine, as if they were his own; if he shed tears, to wash away thy sinful blotts: canst thou forbear weeping? Canst thou be so stony-hearted, as not to be transfixt with grief, seeing his tender Heart wounded, and his Eyes shedding tears for thy sins? Not one tear for thy self, while he showers down so many to purifie, and cleanse thy festering Heart, soyl'd with so many Crimes!

O blessed Saviour! Thou art the true Moses, and hast a Rod to strike, as well as to guide; wound (I beseech thee) this stubborn Rock of mine, this obdurate Heart, that it may bleed with grief, and sorrow for my sins; That mine Eyes may gush forth with tears: for this is the onely grief which I desire; this, the mourning which produceth Consolation: for thou hast said it, *Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted*; in this Life, with spiritual solace, given to true penitents; and in the future, with perpetual joy, in perfect Beatitude.

Perfect Beatitude! Compleat Happiness! O! shall I not mourn to find comfort

fort there ? Or shall I rather seek the fleeting Pleasures, and transitory Consolations of worldly felicity : which to enjoy, is instantly to be reduc'd to mourning. Shall I not (then) mourn, and sigh after those Comforts, which, once obtain'd, shall exempt me from all mourning ?

Alas ! Whither can I cast mine Eye in this vale of tears, and not behold an Object that extracts tears, and invites to mourning ? Here I behold manifold diseases ; There disastrous and untimely deaths ; In this place, mortal Hatred accompanied by Revenge ; In that, I hear Detractions, horrible Oaths, and Blasphemies, with infinite miseries and calamities. And if I reflect an Eye on my self, what mutinies of rebellious Passions and disordinate Appetites I discover in my own bosom, which made even Saint *Paul* himself mournfully to cry out, *Ay me ! unhappy Man, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death*, that is, from a body which causeth a spiritual death to the Soul.

Notwithstanding all this, shall I think to transform this our vale of tears into a Paradise of delights ? This our gloomy shade and shadow of death, into a solid substance of joy and contentation ? Do I

not know that *Enosh*, (a Man, in the Hebrew Tongue) signifies one subject to diseases, infirmities, and miseries? What then is this wretched world, but an Hospital for the sick, and a House of *Lazars*; with which, what suites better than mourning?

How can I (then) but reflect on my self, and bewail what I am; a Child of *Adam*, born of a *Woman* (saith *Job*) and living but a short time, subject to many miseries. Amongst which, shall I live in jollity, with the Voluptuous; sport, with the Libertine; gourmandize, with the Epicure; joy in worldly pelf, with the covetous; or in honors, with the ambitious? No: *I have repudied laughter an error*, (saith the Wise-man) and to joy, I said, *Why art thou in vain deluded?* The end of joy is seiz'd on by sorrow and mourning. And it is better to go to the house of mourning, than to the house of banqueting. Better is it, amidst of afflictions to mourn with our Lord weeping on the Cross, than amidst vain joys and transitory delights, to exult with the impious. Better to shed one tear with thy Redeemer, drench'd in a briny flood, than a thousand for temporal disasters.

Ah! me-thinks I see dropps of blood distilling from his Head, wounded with thorns,

thorns, and from thence descending to his weeping Eyes, to make a mixture, such as was in his Heart, of blood and water. Tears from his Eyes trickling down his pale cheek, to ascend from thence to the Throne of his Father, to speak in my behalf. As *David* said, (it may be in the person of Christ) *Hearken unto my tears.* And shall I joyn with him in this Petition, exhibited for the washing away of my sins, and yet not distill one tear? Shall the Master of Requests present to his Majesty, the Humble Petition of some great Delinquent, with tears in his Eyes; and the party (guilty) stand by, not onely tearless, but also with a merry countenance? Nay, should he second it with laughter, what were it but to make expression of the little (or no) resentment and feeling he had, of his crime and present peril?

Such is the state of voluptuous sinners, who are so far from mourning, that they rejoyce in evil-doing, spend their dayes in mirth and jollity, and in an instant descend to Hell.

Oh! rather let us fit with the Israelites by the Rivers of *Babylon*, (fleeting delights of the world), elevate our Eyes to our Heavenly Country, and mourning, say, *How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange*

strange Country, the world, into which we came weeping, surcharg'd but with one sin, and shall we not mourn here, overloaden with many? Not return to Earth, (from whence we came) powring out (if it were possible) a flood of tears for the expiation of our manifold crimes?

The Myrrh-Tree wounded, distills abundantly tears; so may the Sinner, pierc'd to the heart by compunction. The Turtle mournes for the absence of her Mate; so may the Soul of the just Man, to be united to her beloved Spouse. The Hart transfixt with an Arrow dyes weeping; so may the sinner wounded by true contrition, dye to himself, and live to Christ. A fish lives by waters, and a Christian was born again by water; And, living in a vale of tears, should be like *Ros Solis*, a plant which even in the heat of Summer is alwayes replenished with dew; like a *Magdalen*, who obtain'd remission by tears, and by tears was accompanied by our Saviour weeping: And finally, by tears, had the prerogative to see him first risen from death.

The Fourth
BEATITUDE.

*Blessed are they that hunger and thirst
after righteousness : for they
shall be filled.*

EMBLEME IV.
The Clove-Tree.



*Be so attractive that no weed,
(Pernicious) near the Soul may breed :
So Thirst and Hunger, not in part,
Virtue 's the Clove bloomes in the Heart.*
This

THis Tree may in an especial manner be said to hunger and thirst, as having such an attractive power, that it draws to it self all the heart and moisture of the ground where it grows; insomuch that for a considerable distance round about it, the Earth is so far from hearing any thing of Grass or other Plants, that it is absolutely smooth and bare.

When the fruit is come to maturity, it is not gather'd, but beaten down upon the said bare plot; and having been left there a certain time to wither, it is brought into Europe, and is one of the most advantageous Commodities brought from the East-Indies.

In the Spanish Tongue it is called, Clavos, in the French, Cloux, that is to say, Nails, from its near resemblance thereto; and thence in English, they are called Cloves. At first they are white, afterwards they become green, and at last they turn red.

Nay, it hath been lately discover'd as a secret of the Inhabitants, who have the management and disposal of this precious Spice, that, some time before they look for the arrival of the Ships out of Europe, they carry up into the Store-houses, where they keep their Cloves, several great vessels full of water, which

which in a short time is attracted by the Cloves, and adds much to their weight, yet so as that neither the Sight nor Feeling can make any discovery of the imposture.

Behold here the pertinent Emblem of a truly-Christian Soul, *hungering and thirsting after righteousness*; and so earnestly attracting the nourishing moisture of Heavenly Grace, that there is no entertainment for any pernicious weed of sin, so much as to take any root near her.

But possibly, some one will say, that this Tree draws all to it self. 'Tis true, it does so: but not to the advantage onely of it self. For that moisture and strength which it draws from the Earth, is diffus'd into the several parts of it, in order to the production of blossoms and Fruit. And so it should be with the devout Christian, *who hungers and thirsts after righteousness*; what juice he extracts out of the root of spiritual Contemplations, ought to spread its vigour into his Life and Actions, as he stands accomptable to his Creator; his Neighbour, or Himself; whereby the great Author of all Gifts and Graces may be glorify'd.

Again, if it be said that the *Clove-Tree* is so attractive, as to draw all the moisture
to

to it self for its own benefit; In like manner, the hungry and thirsty Christian should make his advantages of all things, in pursuit of the Kingdom of Heaven and the righteousness thereof.

Moreover, whereas it is the design of Nature, that this Tree as well as all other Plants, should bring forth their several fruits for the service and benefit of Man; he may hence learn, that he also ought to render to his Neighbour what in justice is due to him.

In fine, Whereas the *Cloves* are first *white*; next, *green*; and lastly, *red*; May they not instruct us (considering our best fruits are but Blossoms) that our intentions should be candid and sincere, and relate onely to Gods glory?

And when *green*, may they not as aptly signifie, that our better works are but green blossoms, not perfect Fruits, for want of maturity?

Lastly, what are our works but *red Cloves*, when they are dignified by Christs precious blood? *Cloves* on the Tree must be beaten down to come to perfection, and after gathered; So must all our works, to be humbly presented to the Eye of Mercy, not of Justice: In whose sight who can be justified?

The parched *Clove* is for the use of Man; And the work that shrinks up with fear, is grateful to God. But how shall a Soul have her fill by hungering and thirsting after Justice? What satiety, what full content can there be in this world? Certainly none, till it enjoys the sight of God.

Hence we may infer, (with Saint *Thomas*) that in Virtue there is onely a resemblance of future Beatitude. Say, our righteousness like a *Clove* appear white; how pure so-ever, 'tis but a blossom, which receiving a tincture of green, (the symbol of Hope) we are thereby enabled to proceed; For Hope may be term'd a *Clove*, or *Nail*, by which we are fix'd to God in his promise, and fasten in his mercy, while the red *Clove*, or deep-piercing nail of Justice penetrating the Heart, produceth fear, to which likewise being as firmly fix'd, we freely serve God with fear, and exult with trembling. Mean while, let us seem to hear our Saviour say, *I thirst*, whereby is exemplified the Fourth Beatitude; *Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after Righteousness, for they shall be filled.*

CON-

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

IV. BEATITUDE.

*On our Blessed Saviour's sacred Mouth,
saying, I Thirst.*

FROM our Saviour's Eyes, I descend to his Mouth, and seem to hear him say, *I thirst*, whereby is expressed this fourth Beatitude. For he did hunger and thirst after righteousness; not for himself, but for us, that we might be justified by his Death and Passion. And to that end would (to satisfy for our sins) suffer in all rigour of Justice, that it might be satisfied to the full, and we endowed with righteousness, that we might more and more thirst after Grace, never satiated till his Glory appears.

Consider, what Saint *John Chrysostome* sayes: That, he hungers and thirsts after righteousness, who desires to live according to the Justice of God, and wisheth this justice and rectitude of life as well to others as to himself. That Justice is
call'd

OF BEATITUDES. 43

call'd distributive, which gives to every one his due. To God I must render three things, viz.

Honour, as to my Creator,
Love, as to my Redeemer, and
Fear to him, as my Judge.

To my Neighbour likewise I must render three things:

Obedience, to my Superiour,
Charity and Love, to my equal, and
Charitable Benevolence, to my inferior in want.

And three things I must procure for my self:

Purity of my Heart,
Government of my Tongue, and
Order and Discipline, in subjecting the body to the Spirit.

This three-fold Justice must I hunger and thirst after, and examine my self wherein I am defective: Remembring what Saint *Jerome* saith, That it will not suffice to desire Justice, but we must hunger and thirst after it; Yet never think our selves

selves just enough, but must more and more thirst after Justice, as our Lord commands, *He that is just, let him be more just; and he that is holy, more holy.*

Consider what a hunger and thirst that is of the Worldling, who still covets more and more Wealth; The Voluptuous Man more and more Pleasure; And the Ambitious Man more and more Honour. Neither of these can have their fill, because the Soul is of infinite capacity; and therefore cannot be fill'd with all the world can poure into it. Unhappy then are those Men who hunger and thirst, yet never are satisfied. And contrariwise, *Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, to whom is promised such fullness as shall wholly inebriate and satiate the Soul and Heart; whose Capacity is immense, and, being created to enjoy God, is insatiable and restless, till it enjoys his sight: As Saint Augustine saith, Because thou (O Lord) hast made us for thee, our Heart is never at quiet until it comes unto thee.*

“O my soul, be ever languishing and
 “thirsting after this compleat happiness.
 “Is it possible thou shouldst have such a
 “drought, that, naturally desiring to be
 “blessed, and fill'd with the glory of
 “God, thou shouldst notwithstanding
 “hunger

“hunger and greedily desire things upon
“earth, and not those above?

“O blessed Saviour thou didst thirst,
“and they gave the vinegar and gall: but,
“to quench my thirst, thou hast promised
“me the water of life, so that I shall ne-
“ver thirst more. Give me (O Lord) of
“this water; for hitherto I have digg’d
“and sought it in the broken and leaking
“Cisterns of thy Creatures; or in riches,
“dignities, and pleasures, which never sa-
“tiate.

“Thou wert hungry after a fast of for-
“ty days, and the Enemy presented thee
“with stones to be turn’d into bread. But
“for me, if I truly hunger after righte-
“ousness, thou hast and dost give me the
“bread of life, thy real body, to feed and
“strengthen my soul to life everlasting.
“This is the daily and subsustantial
“bread which I should hunger after, and
“for which I daily beg, and without
“which I cannot subsist. This was presi-
“gured by Manna, which relieved the Is-
“raelites in the Wilderness, without which
“they had been famish’d. Such is the de-
“sert of this world, such thy true Body,
“which unless a man eat, and worthily
“eat, he shall not have life in him.

“Jesu! be unto me a Saviour, and re-
“deem

“deem me from worldly vanities, which,
“like air, never fill or satiate an hungry soul
“Thou art the Way, lead and direct me ;
“Thou the Life, revive and quicken me ;
“Thou my greatest and only Good, make
“me hunger and thirst after thee ; Only
“after thee, because all that can be desi-
“red may be found in thee, which may
“incite to love. If beauty, thou (O God)
“art the fairest : If benefits, thou daily
“and liberally conferrest them on me : If
“love, (to invite to love again) thine is
“the greatest : As my Creator , thou
“gav’st me a being : As my Redeem-
“er, thou freedst me from thralldom ; as a
“Preserver, thou didst and dost deliver
“me from perils spiritual and corporal.
“Therefore thy Prophet *David* said, My
“soul hath thirsted after thee the living
“fountain : To thee he thirsted, who art
“the most amiable, the most noble, and
“most excellent Good ; a God, and all
“things. To thee he thirsted, a strong
“God, a good permanent, immutable,
“and eternal. To thee a living God, ope-
“rative, vigorous, intellectual , loving,
“and conferring on me innumerable bene-
“fits. How then can I do less then hun-
“ger and thirst after thee who art so good,
“so gracious, so bountiful, so loving ?
“Nay

“ Nay, how can I contain my self within
 “ the limits of thy Creatures, that was
 “ created to so noble an end as is the blisful
 “ sight of Thee? How can I forbear from
 “ crying out with thy servant *David*, When
 “ shall I come and appear before thy face. If
 “ I am a pilgrim, thou wilt conduct me to
 “ my desired Countrey: If I am hungry
 “ and thirsty, thou wilt satiate me with
 “ the fruition of thy sight; If I am naked,
 “ thou wilt there cloath me with glory.

These things have I call'd to mind, (said
David Psa. 41.) and thereupon I poured forth
 my soul within my self like a streamling
 to return to God my Ocean, as a river
 doth to the sea whence it was deriv'd; I
 have dilated my soul, and extended her
 thirsting desire, which nothing can satiate
 and fill, but God only. Nay more, I have
 poured out my soul upon my self: And
 there (alas) what could she find, but one
 so poor as not any way able to quench her
 thirst, who is capable of a Good immense.

Or when I poured out my soul upon my
 self, as water streaming on the superficies of
 the earth, I suffered it not to be suckt and
 swallowed up by self-love, but to stream
 forth towards that River which makes joy-
 ful the City of God. Because I will (said
David) pass on to enter into the place of
 the

the admirable Tabernacle, even unto the house of God. Even as a poor Beggar travelling on the rode in the heat of Summer, being very weary, leaves the high way, to find some good Gentleman's house, to be refresh't, and to quench his thirst; so doth *David*, thirsting, say, He will pass through all difficulties and obstacles whatsoever, to arrive at Gods house, there to quench his thirst, & lodg in that admirable Tabernacle.

But his arrival at the house of God being deferred, he resolves to make use of local memory. And to this end designs two special places, the River *Jordan*, and Mount *Hermozijn*. When he beholds the first, it puts him in mind of the River above, which makes joyful the City of God, and of the Torrent of delight, of which the blessed are given to drink. And when he casts his eye on the second, he calls to mind the holy and blissful Mount of Heaven, where God manifests himself to his Angels and Saints. Therefore (saith he) I will be mindful of thee (O God) from the land of *Jordan*, while I behold this river, and likewise, when I see the little Mount *Hermozijn*.

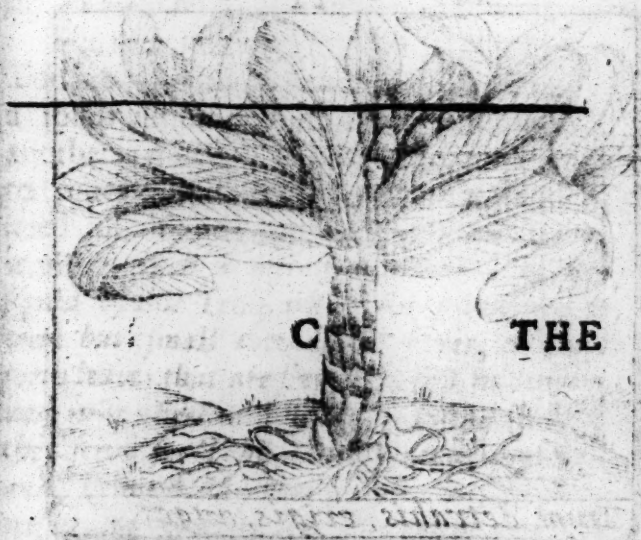
Who (then) fixing his eye on Mount *Calvary*, can forget his Saviours sufferings; or who can but remember how he hungred and

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and thirsted after righteousness; when he hears him cry out, *I thirst*, that is to say, the salvation of mankind, and that righteousness for us sinners, whereby we are adopted, and made the children of God.

EMBLEM V.

Adam's Apple-Tree.



THE C

The Fifth

BEATITUDE.

*Blessed are the merciful, for they
shall obtain mercy.*

EMBLEME V.

Adam's Apple-Tree.

*Man merciful, & augment his store,
So cloaths and feeds the naked-poor.
For, giving less, he more receaves:
Such Trees are known by fruit and leaves.*

There

THere hath such a particular notice been taken of this Tree, in the several Countries where it grows, that it is accordingly called by several names, which yet we shall not give an account of, in regard it is not so much the denomination, as the Vertues and Qualities, that make it contribute to our design. And therefore we shall, with Gerard, call it, *Adam's Apple-tre.*

The merciful man (which in the Latine Tongue is called *Misericors*) is he who hath a sorrowful and compassionate heart for anothers misery, a heart inclining him to relieve and succour such as stand in need of his assistance, in their extreame wants. Such a merciful man may be design'd by this Tree, whose Roots being as it were but small threads, or fibres, do shoot forth leaves that are five or six foot in length, and near three in breadth. Inasmuch that they serve for Table-cloaths, and Napkins; and, being dry'd, they may serve for Mattresses and Quilts, very convenient and soft to lye upon.

Behold here the Emblem of a merciful Man, who parts with his leafy substance, to cloath the naked, to relieve the poor, to supply the wants of the needy, to suc-

cour the necessitous. This is the man, who, by his charitable endeavours, conceals the miscarriages and imperfections of his Neighbour. For mercy, when it is the issue of Charity, hath the same prerogative with the Parent, which is (as St. Peter saith) *To cover a multitude of sins.*

Moreover, this Tree (which groweth above the reach of an Elephant) would continue a low shrub, and the Leaves would bend downwards to the ground, if they were not cut off from time to time; by which means, the Tree grows up higher, and the Leaves become larger.

What can more pertinently denote the Merciful man, who, by a voluntary defalcation of the things of this World, is rais'd so much the nearer Heaven; I and the more freely he parts with the transitory goods of this life, the greater treasure does he lay up for that hereafter? By these advantages, doth he still ascend higher and higher, while others keeping all to themselves, do, like shrubs, lye groveling on the Earth, in their covetous desires.

There is this further Remark made upon this Tree; that *it needs be planted but once, though it bears but one year. For it continually shooteth forth new stalks as the old decay,*

decay; and in some Countries they are soon ripe, after they spring, and the Inhabitants will have ripe fruit, from some of the Plants at all times.

The case is the same with the Merciful man; who, as soon as he hath done one act of Charity, is ready to do another, and so successively, as if he were oblig'd to exhaust himself, to supply others; and this from time to time, till his own be come to its period, and that he leaves the young shoots of his posterity to succeed him in his good works.

Hereto we may add this further observation, that besides this Tree, there is only one other, that hath a strange property, to wit, that, *which way soever their fruit be cut, when it is come to maturity, the meat thereof, which is white as snow, represents in the midst of it, the figure of a Cross, especially if it be cut in thin slices, as commonly we do Cow-cumbers. Thence is it, that the Spaniards and Portugueze think it a crime to put a knife into it, and are extremely scandaliz'd, to see it broken otherwise then with the teeth.*

Hath not this some resemblance to the heart of a Merciful man, who hath a certain fellow-feeling of the miseries and calamities of the poor whom he views with

affliction of mind. Which way soever, he casts his eye of pity, and beholds the distressed, he compassionates them, as if the like cross of adversity were fix'd in his heart. If he behold his Saviour on the Cross, his heart is wounded with pity as if the passion were figured in it.

Again, if he view his Neighbour oppressed with wrongs or miseries, he is so sensible thereof, as if that very cross of affliction were engraven in his heart. In a word, he sees no man poor, whom he pities not; no man miserable, whom he does not compassionate; still (like the fruit of this Tree cut) bearing in his heart a cross, by which he suffers with him.

Nay more, while he beholds Christ in a poor man (whom he pities and relieves) he bears Christ's shape in his heart, whom he likewise relieves.

Happy, therefore, is the merciful man, that bears such a cross, as renders him forever blessed, who (no doubt) may say with St. Paul, *God forbid I should glory in anything, but in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

Now fix thine eye on the bleeding side of Christ, whose blood issued from a wounded heart, where was always engraven a cross, not only the instrument of his pas-

passion; but as many crosses as were the sins of the World: And as many as were the acts of mercy and compassion which he produe'd towards sinners; *Verè pius, verè misericors.*

And shall he evacuate not only his veins, but likewise his heart? Shall he disburse all the treasure of his most precious blood, and yet wilt thou be so penurious and pitiless, as not to relieve the necessitous with part of thy dross?

Ah! view, and view again, that bountiful, and pitiful heart, that streameth forth at his side, and proclaims them *blessed, who are merciful,* and promiseth *they shall obtain mercy.*

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE V. BEATITUDE.

*On the side of our Blessed Saviour
bleeding.*

FROM his sacred Mouth descend to his pierced side; which may be likewise term'd a mouth, as were all the wounds of his body, that speak and proclaim him a bounteous, and merciful Lord; who, having given all the blood of his body and veins for our Redemption, would finally suffer his heart to be pierc'd, that the last drops of his precious blood might stream from thence, for a fuller satisfaction, or rather expression of his infinite Love. Whereas the least drop thereof might have redeem'd many Worlds, and reconcil'd to his Father, as many Nations as he shed drops of blood.

Consider what a merciful giver was God the Father, who so exceedingly loved man, that he gave unto him his only begotten Son; a Son likewise so good, bounteous, and

Of BEATITUDES. 57

and merciful, that he would annihilate and lessen himself, by taking upon him the form of a Servant. And after (as the Father did for one precious Pearl) gave all his precious blood, and life, to purchase and redeem thy Soul, and thereby obtain mercy for it.

Which, notwithstanding, thou shalt never find, unless thou also be Merciful. To whom? To thy self, and thy Neighbour. To thy self, according to the words of the Son of Syrach, *Take pity and compassion on thine own soul, pleasing God.*

Think, how many Souls are languishing in sin; How many starve for want of the food of Life, the Blessed Sacrament; How many groan under the heavy burden of sin: And how merciless they are to themselves, that resent not the dangerous estate of their own souls.

To these thou art merciful, when thou prayest for them; or by word, or example endeavourest to reclaim them. Thou art merciful likewise when thou forgivest injuries, or when thou dost commiserate and condole the defects, and imperfections of others.

Contrari-wise they are cruel, who upbraid and deride them, or expose them to the derision of others, by discovering their

sin, to whom they should be as merciful and charitable, in concealing, as if they were their own, not forgetting the severe sentence of *S. James, Judgement without mercy be unto him that doth no mercy.*

Consider how God is so pleased with mercy shewed to our Neighbour, that to such only as do it, he hath promised mercy. And withall hath commanded us to beg for pardon and remission of our sins, as we remit and fully forgive them, who trespass against us. And that so freely and absolutely as not to retain the least rancor or malice in our hearts.

Which to accomplish, when any enmity or uncharitable thought is slyly creeping into thy heart, reflect thine eye on Christ crucified, who (as saith *S. Bernard*) to heap mercies on mercies, gave his life, and out of his wounded side brought forth the price of satisfaction, whereby he fully pacified his Father, according to the words of *David, With our Lord is mercy, and plentiful redemption.*

Hereupon thou mayst infer, that whosoever seek for mercy, and security in Christ's wounded side, must come, like *Noe's Dove*, to the window of the Ark, that brought an Olive-branch in his Beak, which is the type of mercy and peace; To
signific

signific, they must be merciful and charitable to others, who expect to find mercy there.

“O my soul, arise, and shake off those
 “dull cogitations of enmity that surcharge
 “thy heart, that thou mayst nimbly fly,
 “and be like the Dove, nestling in the
 “hole of the Rock, the pierc’d and patient
 “side of thy Saviour. That when thou
 “art pursued by the Enemy (like a Dove
 “by the Hawk, that shrowds himself in
 “the hole of a rock) here thou mayst find
 “succour, and secure thy self. Here is the
 “gate of mercy and pity, which always
 “stands wide-open, where at all times
 “thou mayst find harbour in the secure
 “calm of mercy.

To be merciful, is to have a grievous, and pitiful heart. Ah! how pitiful was that wounded heart of thy Saviour, which for thy sake was pierc’d through with a Spear. Compassionate, and have, with him, a heart wounded with grief and pity: Commiserate the distressed members of his mystical Body in him; and then thou canst not but be merciful to thy self, and find mercy for thy self, being one of his.

“O merciful Redeemer, I behold blood
 “and water streaming from thy heart,
 “and issuing out of thy wounded side..

“By

"By that precious blood I was redeemed
 "and made one of thine : And by the wa-
 "ter of Baptism I was purified and made
 "one of thine. To persevere still and con-
 "tinue one of thine still, may that door of
 "mercy (thy wounded side) be open unto
 "me. May I be dead to the world, and
 "sin, that wounded (as with a Spear)
 "with true love and charity, I may never
 "by sin, cause this gate of mercy to be
 "shut against me.

"Thou (O Lord) didst vouchsafe to
 "give freely the last drops of blood (which
 "were in thy heart) for a more compleat
 "Redemption. Grant (I beseech thee)
 "that I may spend the remnant of my days
 "in thy holy service, in works of mercy,
 "spiritual and corporal; that finally I may
 "obtain mercy, through thee my Lord
 "and Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

"O my soul, consider what it is to find
 "mercy through Jesus Christ, to which
 "thou so often sayst *Amen*, or *So be it*. It
 "is to find mercy by the vertue and me-
 "rits of his bitter Passion : Yet this will
 "not suffice, if thou beest not merciful to
 "him likewise in his.

So great is the vertue of Mercy (saith
 S. Leo) that without it all other vertues
 will not profite thee. No, though a man be
 faithful

Of BEATITUDES. 61

faithful, chaste, and sober, and endued with singular ornaments; yet if he be not merciful, he deserves not mercy.

And remember that thy works of mercy must be done through Christ our Lord, to be dignified by vertue of his Passion, and for his sake; otherwise they shall have no reward. The right hand must not know what the left hand doth: No sinister or by-intention must intrude. A charitable work must be a work of justice, when we render to God the glory only due to him, and to our selves reserve the reward, which (promised) we expect. Nay more, an Alms hath the honour to be call'd Justice it self. For our Saviour adviseth us to beware that we do not our Justice before men, that we may be seen by them, and have the applause and praise of men.

In fine; Who would not in this manner be merciful, that knows in the old Law, no Sacrifice (Ox or Sheep) might be offered in the Temple, that had not a tail: which in a mystical sense might prefigure, that, even in the Law of Grace, no work of mercy (which is a kind of Sacrifice to God) can be acceptable, which hath not an end, that is, a right intention tending to Gods honour, and for his sake. If we cry, out with *Zachæus*, Ecce! Behold (when he gave so great

great an Alms as the moiety of his Goods) it may seem to savour of ostentation; till we add farther, with him, *Domine, Behold, O Lord*, I give to thee what is thine; as to *Cesar*, what is his, in respect of his figure stamp'd in it. So in my Alms I behold thee, and contribute thine for thy sake: like *Zachary*, little considering my poor ability, yet present a work (like the Widow with her Mite) great, in regard of a free and willing heart. Should I give it to be magnified by others, What could I behold therein but mine own shape? like a *Narcissus*, enamored with himself, court the shadow, and lose the substance. An Alms is a work of Redemption. Redeem thy sins by Alms, works of mercy. It is an entire Expiation; Give Alms, and all shall be pure unto you.

The Sixth
BEATITUDE.

*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they
shall see God.*

EMBLEME VI.

The Fig-Tree.



*To pierc'd and pierc'd with sorrow's dart,
Compunction from a sinners heart
And eyes, extracteth tears, while grace
(The opposite to sin) takes place.*

OF this Tree, there are several kinds, differing, according to the several Countries, wherein they grow; the name being generally attributed to all those Trees, which bear a fruit that hath some resemblance to the Fig. But that, which is the subject of the present Emblem, grows commonly in Spain and Italy, though possibly brought thither, at first, from some other parts of the World. It bears a Fig, without the production of any precedent Blossom, which as it should seem, hath in it, during the time of its greenness, a raw humour; whose crudity is such, that it ripeneth not, till a certain Fly or Gnat, gives it a prick or wound. Soon after the Fig hath receiv'd that wound, there distills from it a kind of tear, which falls to the earth. After which, the Sun entering in at that narrow passage, made by the Fly, the Fig by degrees comes to maturity.

Behold here the Emblem of a Heart, truly contrite, wounded by compunction, and pierc'd with sorrow, which before, while it was green, was not in a capacity to receive the influences of the Sun of Righteousness; and consequently could not be ripned, till a passage was made for the evacuation of the peccant humour, that so the beams of grace might efficaciously work upon it.

Let

OF BEATITUDES. 65

Let us then consider, that if this delicate fruit does upon its piercing or wounding distil tears, and that in order to its attainment of maturity; it is much more requisite that the devout Christian should endure the stings of remorse and compunction, in order to his being advanc'd to that perfection, which is requir'd in the pure of Heart.

To this end is it, that a Man ought sometimes (as Saint Augustine saies) to make his appearance at the Tribunal of his own Soul, where his own Thoughts will be his Accusers, his Conscience the Witness, and Grief the Executioner, to wound the sinful Heart. Then, saith he, let the blood, as it were, of the Soul flow and issue forth by tears. Notwithstanding all this, who (saith Solomon) will glory that he hath a clean Heart? True it is, no Man should glory herein, but give the Glory onely to God. Yet since the pure of Heart shall onely see God, such purity of Heart is required, as is produc'd by the expulsion of sin, and infusion of Grace. Therefore David humbly desired, that his sin might be blotted out, and that within him might be created a clean Heart. Not a new Heart created, but purity therein; which being produc'd, without any precedent merit of the

the

the sinners part, may be term'd a Creation.

Therefore Saint Paul tells us, *That Charity* (which is the same spiritual quality with Grace) *is transfus'd into our Souls*; which gives life and vigour, in some sort, as the Soul created and infus'd, informs and gives life and motion to the body.

Me-thinks a Fig, (when bu green) pierc'd and wounded as it were by the Gnat, lies expos'd to the bright and hot beams of the Sun; as the Heart of a sinner doth to the Sun of Justice when 'tis pierc'd by compunction. Ah! what Light of Faith, and heat of Love enters through those new made passages of the Contrite Heart, by which it becomes as it were a new Heart, ripened by Virtue, and embellish'd by Grace?

Now elevate thine Eyes to behold the wounded Heart of our Lord, not with the sting of a Gnat, but with a sharp Spear; not to receive any light or heat of Consolation, but to lay out the entire sum of that infinite treasure of his precious blood, besides water, to purifie thy impure Soul, that thou mayst be blessed and see God, thereby to enjoy eternal Beatitude.

CON-

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

VI. BEATITUDE.

On our Blessed Saviour's wounded Heart.

HAVING in the Fifth Beatitnde, (like a Dove nestling in the hole of a Rock, as at the Gate of Mercy) entred by Contemplation into Christ's wounded side, now make a step farther, or rather, with reverence stay and view his wounded Heart, most pure and clean, where sin could never find entrance; and say, with the Patriarch Jacob, *Verily here is no other than the House of God, and the Gate of Heaven.* This is the Blessed One, pure of Heart, who ever had the happy sight of God.

Consider what it is to be clean of Heart. It is to be the Temple of the Holy Ghost: To be in the state of Grace; that is, not guilty of any mortal sin.

And since the Heart is the Source and Fountain whence our thoughts perpetually flow

flow; to suppress all impure cogitations, as they are rising, is to have a clean Heart, when it is accompanied with a pure intention, directing all our actions to the Honor and Glory of God. And as Saint Augustine saith, *whatsoever we do, whatsoever we laudably desire, must tend to obtain the Vision of God, beyond which nothing can be desired.*

Think of the Question propounded by King David: *O Lord, Who shall dwell in thy Tabernacle, or who shall rest in thy holy hill?* And then attend to the Answer, which is this: *He that liveth uprightly, and worketh righteousness, &c.*

This is a hard saying. Must the Heart be so clean as not to have one spot? The Child but a day old is not free, and in his Angels God found iniquity. Who, then, shall be justified in his sight? Or who can be clean of Heart, while the All-seeing Eye of Heaven beholds it.

Appeal (then) to the pure Heart of thy Saviour; rely on his Innocence, not on thine own; on his merits, not on thine. Seeing that Vessel of Election said, he was guilty of nothing, and yet in that he was not justified; yet doubted not to say, *A Crown of righteousness was due unto him, which the just Judge would give him.*

I will

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I will therefore say with *David*, *O Lord turn away thy face* (of thy severe Justice) *from my sins.*

And with him add further, *Shew me thy face* (that is to say, of thy mercy) *and I shall be saved.* According to thy great mercy, and multitude of thy mercies, cancel my iniquity; wash me again from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin; that I may be clean of Heart to enjoy thy sight.

O my Soul, *Keep thy Heart* (as the Wise-man adviseth thee) *with all kind of custody; for out of it* (saith he) *proceeds life.* Keep it pure, let not in one mortal sin to defile it; for then from the Heart would proceed Death, destruction of Grace, and loss of the sight of God; for Grace is the seed of Glory. Let thy Heart be ploughed by Contrition, harrow'd and cleans'd from the weeds of sin, that this divine seed may be sown in thy Heart, which springs up by holy desires, and is ripened by virtuous exercises.

“ O my God, thou hast commanded
“ me to love thee with an entire, pure, and
“ sincere Heart. Give me (I beseech
“ thee) what thou commandest, by
“ creating in me a clean Heart, and renew-
“ ing a right Spirit in my bowels;
“ that

"that I may love thee with all my Soul,
 "that my Will may be resign'd to thine
 "without any contradiction, with all my
 "Mind and Memory, alwayes to think of
 "thee ; and with all my powers, that I
 "may employ them in thy service.

To perform all these things, I must observe four things :

First, Seeing all I am and have, Body and Soul, spiritual and temporal blessings, I have from God ; I must be alwayes mindfull of his benefits: Serve, honour, and thank him for all, love him above all ; and, for him, my Neighbour.

Secondly, I must consider the excellency of God ; And seeing he is infinitely greater than our Heart, though we serve him with all our Heart and powers of our Soul, yet are we defective and insufficient, and must therefore think we never do enough.

Thirdly, We must not suffer the world to usurp the least corner of our Heart, by disordinate Love ; for that were injurious to God ; as was the placing of the Idol Dagon, by the Ark. *He is too covetous (saith Saint Jerom) whom God cannot satisfy ; And he loves God less then he should do, who loves anything besides him, according to Saint Augustine's opinion.*

Fourthly,

Fourthly, He that is in mortal sin hath an impure Heart, and loves not God. Therefore to be clean of Heart, and thereby blessed, and by Grace in the way to see God; I must imitate the pure white Ermine, (a little beast) which rather chooseth to fall into the hands of the Hunter, than make an escape through a dirty place, and defile it self.

Me-thinks Christ our Saviour, stretch'd, and nail'd to the Cross, resembles a Cross-bow, which while I behold, his Heart (darting forth fiery Arrows of Love) a clean and pure Heart seems like the White plac'd in the midst of a Butt, at which it is aimed; upon which representation, I shall here insert a short Descant I long since made in Verse.

*Tender Arms for our offence,
Drawn and stretch'd with violence;
Like a Bow-string now I see,
While upon the bloody Tree,
Cruel nails both long and rough,
Sacred Hands are piercing through.
Thus while tender Arms extend
The string is fastned at each end,
Jesus Heart is like the Nutt
Of the Cross-bow, where are put
Nimble shafts with vigour sent,*

Thus

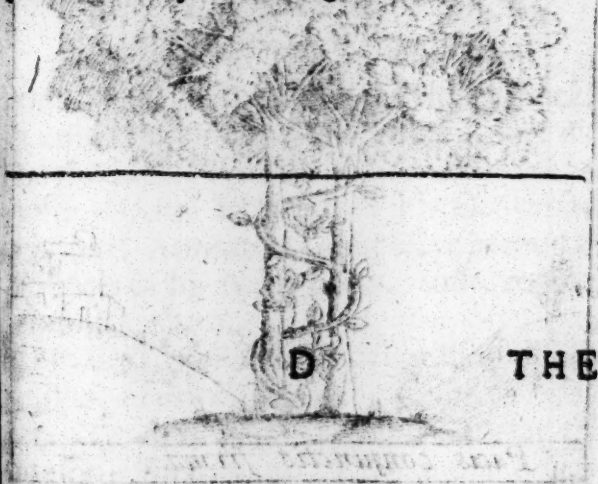
Thus the Bow stands ready bent,
 Sinners (then) prepare your Hearts,
 From this bow flee wounding darts,
 Stand his Butt, th' Arrows glow;
 As th' are flying from this bow;
 Midst the Butt, (to place the White)
 Stand his mark, and let him smite.
 Let him pierce and wound thy Heart,
 With his torments, pain, and smart;
 Shafis of sorrow, grief, and pain;
 For thy sins return again.
 So thy Soul being cleans'd from sin,
 And by Grace made pure within,
 Stand Christ's Butt, that, (when contrite)
 A clean Heart may be the White.

Such is a Heart disengaged and disinterested from all inordinate desires that may soil or streighten that habitacle design'd and resign'd to God. In such an absolute manner is this to be imagin'd, that one may confidently say with King David, *Tuus sum ego*, Lord, I am totally thine, not mine own, nor the worlds, nor of the flesh, nor of sin; but entirely thine, by a full resignation, submission, and oblation of my self. To thee I dedicate an entire Heart, with all my senses and cogitations, all my words and works; And restore unto thee what I had from thee, a Soul wash

Of BEATITUDES. 73

wash'd and purified by Baptism, and a Heart contrite with Grief, and cleans'd again by true Repentance; Yet still again and again to be wash'd, and more and more purified.

If by the least mote the corporal Eye be obscur'd, much more that of the Soul. If I never cease till I have cleans'd and clear'd the one, that I may have a perfect sight of each object which occurs, shall I not alwayes be cleansing and purifying that inward Eye which is capable (when clear) of the sight of God?



D

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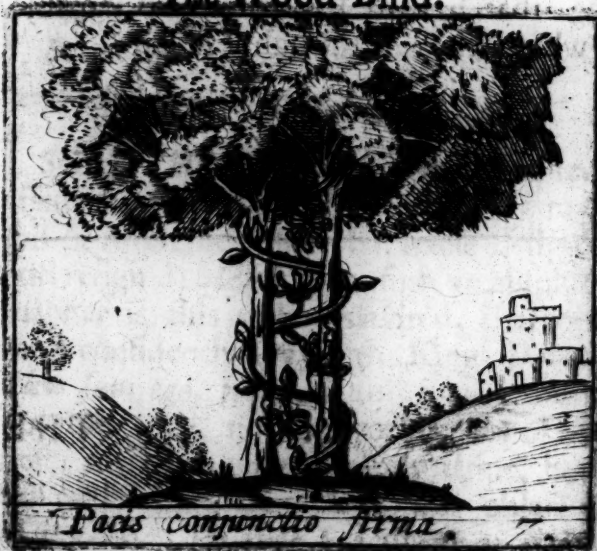
The Seventh

BEATITUDE.

Blessed are the Peace-makers, for they
shall be called the Children
of God.

EMBLEME VII.

The Wood-Bind.



Thus, while two foster deadly hate,
A third steps in to end debate; (Hands,
Makes Peace, unites both Hearts and
How blest is he who makes such bands!

TO make a better comprehension of this Beatitude, the Devout Christian is to imagine, that he sees two limber Stands, or young shoots, hardly able to support themselves on their tender roots, and in perpetual agitation, by reason of the violence of the wind, which causes them to assault and injure each other; till the Peace-making Wood-Bind, gently twining it self about them, takes away that opposition, and disposes them to a certain reconciliation and friendship.

According to this representation, the Wood-Bind (which bears the Honey-Suckle, a name derived from sweetness) may well be the Emblem of the blessed Peace-maker, who, by the sweetness of his Conversation, and Amicable Interposure in the Differences of his Neighbours, endeavours to reconcile them.

In the Latine Tongue, the Wood-Bind is called, *Mater Sylva*, viz. The Mother of the Woods. And peradventure it is for this reason; That, as a loving and indulgent Mother hugs and embraces her Child, so this Plant clasps and twines it self about every other Tree that it can fasten on; In like manner, is it the endeavour of the

blessed Peace-maker to dispose all those, between whom he heareth there are any differences, to Unity, Peace, and Concord; making all other interests and concerns subservient to that grand one of bringing all things to composure and quiet. And this is that whereto the Apostle, writing to the Ephesians, exhorts them, *viz. to walk with all lowliness and meekness, long-suffering, and forbearing one another in love, endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of Peace.* For Peace is the Hand-maid of Charity, whose property it is to unite, and take away all animosities, jealousies, distrusts, and heart-burnings.

Justly therefore hath our Blessed Saviour pronounc'd him *Blessed*, and *the Child of God*, who, like the Hony-Suckle, by a sweet insinuation and affability, endeavours to compose the Minds of the litigious; and like the Wood-Bind, is as ready to unite the contentious and dissatisfi'd into Amity, as he is to make Peace within himself, as in Charity he is bound. And to this is it that the Apostle exhorts us, when he sayes, *Have Peace, and the God of Peace and Love will be with you.*

But how comes it that the Peace-maker hath this particular prerogative and advantage,

vantage, to be called the *Child of God*? We may imagine it proceeds hence; that as God our Father is the God of Peace, so we may pretend to the title of his Children, if we are like him, and look on it as our concernment to make Peace between Men. We may also upon this further consideration, be called the Children of God, that he who came into the world to reconcile it, and to bring us that *Peace which passeth all understanding*, hath vouchsafed to call us Brethren. Nay, that great Saviour, and Peace, may seem to have their birth at the same instant; for then was it, that there was a Proclamation made by Celestial Heralds, to wit, the Angels, that *Peace should be on Earth, and good will towards Men*. Then, like the cheerful break of day, appear'd that beautiful Peace, fore-told by the Prophet *Isay*, whereof there should *be no end*: inasmuch as it came with that *Son*, whose other titles are clos'd with this, that he was to be the *Prince of Peace*.

It is no other then our Blessed Saviour Christ himself, who is the great Peacemaker, and came like the *Wood-Bind* to unite a pair of shoots, as I may term them, to wit, *Justice* and *Mercy*, which were opposite, while the wrath of God, like a

violent wind, incited Justice to Revenge, which Mercy oppos'd. What a conflict was between these two, till our Lord on the Cross, like a *Wood-Bind*, united them in one? As *David* (by a prophetic spirit) said, *Mercy and Truth* (that is to say Justice) *have met together*; *Justice and Peace* (or Mercy) *have kissed each other*; like two branching shoots, furrounded by a *Wood-Bind*, which onely Christ could do, the great Peace-maker and Son of God, who fully pacified Justice, by suffering death for Man; by which redeem'd, Mercy likewise had her desire, embrac'd with Justice, then pacified, when she beheld from Heaven our sins severely punish'd in Christ.

Never could Man have fully conceiv'd the wrath and hate of God against sin, had he not expiated the same by the death of his onely begotten Son. Nor could we have apprehended his infinite Mercy, had he not given this his onely Son for our Redemption.

Behold his Hands nailed, and thereby know, how the Hand of Justice being fastened, Mercy and she embrac'd, and kissing were united by Christ, our *Wood-Bind*, whose design was to make our Peace, saying, *I leave you my Peace, I give you my Peace,*

Peace, not as the world gives, I give you Peace. For the world charms and enchants a Soul slumbering in the concept of a sweet repose, even when she is amidst the harsh discords of impiety, yet hears them not, nor sees her present danger: Which made David cry out: *Enlighten mine Eyes, (O Lord) that they may not at any time sleep in death.*

CONSIDERATIONS

ON THE

VII. BEATITUDE.

On Christ's Hands pierc'd with nails.

FROM his Heart, ascend to his Hands transfixt with Nails, that he might thereby fasten and stay the Hand of Justice, (ready to chastise us for our sins) while he himself suffered in his Body, what our enormous crimes deserv'd.

Imagine you see a King enrag'd against his Vassal, for some heinous offence, with

his sword brandish'd and ready to kill him: Which the Prince, his Son, seeing, (notwithstanding the injury as neere concern'd himself) comes in; and, to save the Delinquent, receives the thrust in his own Body, pacifies his Father, begs his pardon, and restores the Criminal to the King's gracious Favour. How infinitely oblig'd (you will say) was this Subject to the Prince!

Thus did God the Son (incarnate) interpose himself betwixt his Father and sinful Man; And on the Cross wounded by the Hand of Justice for our manifold iniquities, pacified his Heavenly Father, and thereby was our Peace-maker.

Consider now if this Subject, reconciled to the King, should by the Princes means be made a Vice-Roy of some petty Kingdom, with charge given him to govern, and preserve Peace with Subordination to his Majesty; Notwithstanding, should this Vice-Roy (forgetting all favours and former Clemency) rebelliously conspire against both King and Prince, What punishment would you think too great for such a Traytor?

Is not every Man a kind of Vice-Roy to manage a petty Kingdom, which is within him? What, his Passions? Are they not
(at

(at least should be) his Subjects? Together with his Appetites and Concupiscences, which rebell against Reason. And as often as Man sins mortally, is he not guilty of High Treason against the Majesty of God, his Dread Sovereign? Who being every way infinite, it follows, the punishment due is infinite.

Hence I will conceive a great hatred and detestation against sin and ingratitude to the great Peace-maker, my King and Saviour: under whom, as a Vice-Roy, I must govern and be a Peace-maker.

And that I may the better preserve Peace with n me, I will set a Guard over my outward Senses; over mine Eyes, that they may not behold vain and curious impertinencies; nor curiously prie and search into other Mens Actions. Over my Tongue, that it may not intrench upon my Neighbours Reputation. Over mine Ears, shutting them against Detractors, &c. Thus being outwardly guarded, I may the better preserve inward Peace, by suppressing inordinate thoughts and desires. In such sort, that having within me a peaceful Kingdom, subordinate to Reason, God may quietly inhabit in my Soul, whose place (as *David* saith) and residence is in a peaceful Heart, not disturbed with

worldly cares, nor embroyled with the Passions of fear and wrath, which ordinarily raise a tumult in our little Kingdom.

But to be a perfect Peace-maker indeed, one should be so totally united to God in his affections, as not to desire any thing without him, and onely repose in him, the onely centre and support of the Soul. And remember what Saint *Augustine* sayes, "That they are Peace-makers in themselves and for themselves, who subject all the tumultuous motions of the Soul to Reason, that is, to the Mind and Spirit. For, by subduing and suppressing carnal Concupiscences, they become the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth. Where, being Peace-makers, they are likewise the Children of God, and resemble their Heavenly Father, to whom it is proper to enjoy himself, who is Peace and tranquillity it self, extending from end to end strongly, and disposing all things sweetly.

"O my soul; thou seest what thou shouldst be; Now consider what thou art. How soon is the little Kingdom within thee disturb'd! How suddenly anger disquiets it! What perturbations of mind are caus'd, when but a lighter cross

“cross or slight affliction lights upon thee.
 “Yea even an unkind word from a friend
 “breeds a great discontent and trouble
 “within thee. And when all succeeds not
 “according to thy expectation, thou art
 “so far from being a peace-maker, that,
 “distracted in thy thoughts, thou art
 “vex’d and perplex’d within thy self. How
 “then art thou the Child of God, in
 “whom he desires to repose? Art thou
 “not rather like a whining Babe that for
 “every trifle is crying, and thereby dis-
 “quieting the whole house.

“O blessed Saviour, though I daily
 “say, *Thy Kingdom come*, I am yet like
 “that *Regulus*, that little King; little in
 “the knowledg of my self, and, like his
 “Son, I lye infirm and weak, and subject
 “to my disordinate passions. I can do all
 “in thee, who strengthen’st me. Enable
 “me (therefore) I beseech thee by thy
 “powerful grace, that thy Kingdom may
 “come, that thou mayst reign in me, and
 “over me, the true *Saloman*, and peaceful
 “King; that I, with all the powers of my
 “soul, may rest in peace, and be wholly
 “resign’d to thy will.

“Therefore I daily say, *Thy will be done*.
 “What is it (then) can disturb my peace of
 “mind? If affliction, if sickness, or whatever
 else

“ else hapneth, be according to thy will or
“ permission, it must be done. Nay I dai-
“ ly pray, it may be done. And, should I
“ otherwise desire; yet, if it be thy holy
“ will and pleasure, it must be so. Why
“ then should not I be a peace-maker, and
“ qualifie all passions and disordinate de-
“ sires? which when I have perform’d in-
“ ternally, I may (and not before) make
“ peace amongst others externally.

“ O Jesu! it was the Will of thy Fa-
“ ther which thou didst punctually ob-
“ serve. And that which thou didst teach
“ was humility in conversation, stability
“ in faith, modesty in words, justice in
“ deeds, mercy in works, discipline in
“ manners, and not to do, but to suffer
“ injuries. This is to be a peace-maker,
“ and the Child of God. This is the peace
“ proclaim’d by the Angels at thy birth-
“ day. This is the peace thou didst leave
“ us, and with this peace we desire to de-
“ part, and rest in thee, that our peace,
“ and Kingdom begun here by grace,
“ may by thee be perfected in glory. *Amen.*

O what a happiness it will be, in the last
slumbers of a dying life, to say, with the
Prophet *David*, *In peace will I sleep and rest*,
because thou (O Lord) hast singularly put
me in hope, to see an accomplishment of
that

that peace which a soul enjoys, or should enjoy, on earth: Which to acquire, a man should imitate the Prophet *David*, who swore and vowed to the mighty God of *Jacob*, that he would not enter into the *Tavernacle* of his house, nor go to his bed, nor give sleep to his eyes, nor slumbers to his eye-lids, untill he had found out a place for the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of *Jacob*: So great was his desire to build a Temple! And as great should be my care and sollicitude to build, at least, prepare a place of repose for my Lord, which must be in a quiet and peaceful conscience, without which, who can give sleep to his eyes, or slumber to his eye-lids?

O my soul, when shalt thou be so happy, as to say, with that peaceful King *Solomon*, *Arise, O Lord, into thy rest, thou and the Ark of thy strength?* Where is that repose of mind? Where that tranquillity of conscience, to which thou shouldst invite him to arise and come into his rest, he and the Ark of his strength, which is his powerful grace, whereby enabled thou mayst silence and pacifie thy mutinous thoughts that rise up against thee, to disturb thy peace.

Here I will seem to behold the King yoked, drawing the Ark toward *Bethsames*, while

while their Calves shut up were bleating. To which they, as it were, shut their ears, and went on, not declining to the right hand, nor to the left. Thus must he do that bears the Ark of strength. What are our brutish appetites? what disordinate concupiscence? what avaricious desires? what are injuries that call upon us for revenge, but calves, that would be suckled and pampered? These are they that disturb our peace; these, that are so obstreperous, as to disquiet the soul, never ceasing to allure her to return, with loss of that peace and rest which is acquired by bearing the Ark of strength, and sanctification, which is the peace of God, that overcomes all sense, fortifies the heart in such sort, that it resents not injuries and temporal losses, or at least bears all with such patience, as if it were insensible.

Such a heart may be both Altar and Sacrifice, resembling the Pacifique oblation in the old Law, which was an Ox, or a Sheep, or Goat, being a figure of a triple peace, with God, our Neighbour, and our self. With God, who by our submission and hearty contrition is instantly pacified. With our Neighbour (resembled by the Sheep) who (when good) is soon appeas'd, if bad, (figured by the Goat) when

mov'd

mov'd and exasperated continues a long time as remote from peace and charity, as the Goat leaving the fertile Vallies, to climb and graze on barren rocks.

But when Man is such to himself, still in motion, unquiet, anxious, timorous, and pensive, what is he but a Goat skipping to and fro, from a barren rock of distaste to a precipice of desolation?

“ O my God and merciful Saviour, thou
 “ art my rock, my safety, my peace, and
 “ only refuge. From thee proceeds the Ho-
 “ ly Ghost, from whom springs the fruit of
 “ Charity, Joy, and Peace. Send forth,
 “ I beseech thee, thy holy Spirit; and these
 “ three shall be created, and established in
 “ my soul. Charity, to love, and have
 “ peace with thee, and with my Neighbour
 “ for thee; Joy, and alacrity in serving
 “ thee; and Peace in thee the rock,
 “ and support of my heart, my God for
 “ ever, in heavenly *Jerusalem* the vision of
 “ peace; where to see thee, is to enjoy
 “ eternal tranquillity, which thou (O
 “ Lord) hast purchased with thy most per-
 “ cious blood. *Amen.*

The

The Eighth

BEATITUDE

*Blessed are they that suffer persecution
for righteousness sake, for theirs is
the Kingdom of Heaven.*

EMBLEME VIII.

The Vine.



*So, prun'd, a Christian brings increase.
To branch too far, were to surcease,
Grow barren, when unprun'd. What harm
(Impair'd) to spread a larger arm?*

The

THe Catholick Church, in divers places of Scripture, is called the Vineyard of our Lord; where every good Christian is a flourishing and fruitful Vine. And if any Plant or Tree cut or lopp'd may be said to suffer persecution, much more may the Vine (the Emblem of a Christian). For as the one is prun'd in February, a cold and blustering Moneth, not impair'd thereby, but enrich'd both in branch and fruit; So is the other in a time as rigorous, when he suffers persecution for righteousness sake.

Let the Vine dilate it self from year to year in branches, without pruning, how soon does it become barren? Such would a man be that never suffers loss of goods, nor feels any grievance or affliction, neither in body (by sickness) nor in worldly substance, by persecution or otherwise.

For, seeing it is certain, that all, who will live piously in Christ Jesus, must suffer persecution (as S. Paul assures us) it follows, that they, who, like a Vine, are never pruned in their branching estate, nor otherwise afflicted, can hardly be numbred amongst the vertuous, and devouter servants of God.

When I behold a Vine in a sunny place pruned, and despoil'd of its branches, and the

the residue supported and orderly nail'd, and fix'd to a wall, it presents unto me a man persecuted and depriv'd of branching superfluities, yea, and liberty, whereby he becomes (like a Vine) more fruitful, not wanting the Sun-shine of heavenly grace, to render him as plentiful in Merits, as the other in Grapes.

Now if the Vine, to secure it self, extend here and there a winding tendrel that clasps about the neighbouring boughs, a devout Christian wants not the like, while, for his support, and constant perseverance, he produceth (like so many tendrels) several acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

All which clasp and wind about the Cross, whereon Christ crucified is the Vine of vines. Naked like a Vine in the fall of the leaf, and prun'd in February. Wounded, like a Vine bleeding, and, in Vintage, like Grapes in the Wine-press: like a Vine, with branches extended and fix'd to a wall, with his Arms and Feet stretch'd forth, and nail'd to the Cross; where he lay expos'd to the scorching beams of most severe justice.

And when I observe the many rifts and chinks in the trunk of the Vine, out of which issue the branches, I seem to behold my Saviours body full of wounds, out of

of which issued forth his most precious blood.

But if the Vine have tendrels, to twist and wind about what bough or branch soever is neighbouring by, what tendrels had our Saviour, but rough and sharp nails? what support? what to lay hold on, when he cried out, *My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Ah Sinner! it was want of will and desire in thee to suffer with him, that made him complain in this manner. This he foreseeing (notwithstanding all he had suffered) was cause of this heavy and sad complaint; as if he had said; Father, why hast thou forsaken me so soon? If it be thy will, I desire to live and suffer more pains, more injuries, & reproaches for man, who to requite me for all I have endured, will (I foresee) repine at the least oppression, and be dejected with the least cross and affliction, which he undergoes for my sake: Why hast thou forsaken me so soon? yet I desire to survive, and suffer more, the more to attract and incite the hearts of men, to love and suffer with me, as branches united to me, the Vine, that being pruned by suffering with me, they may become fruitful and be glorified with me.

CON-

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE VIII. BEATITUDE.

On the wounded Feet of our Blessed Saviour.

LAstly, from our Blessed Saviour's sacred Hands, descend to his wounded Feet, and there reade, *Blessed are they who suffer persecution, &c.* Which properly belongs to the Feet, either to fly, as our Lord advis'd, from one City to another, or to stay and suffer, as he himself did, till his hour was come. Wherefore, when any affliction or cross hapneth unto thee, be assured that thy hour is come for thee to suffer persecution, and consequently to be blessed, if thou bear it with patience.

Now since it is decreed, and recorded in holy Writ, that *all who will live piously in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution*, one way, or other, Consider in particular what tribulations thou heretofore hast, or now dost suffer; which, were they far greater then they are, or have been, yet thou

thou mayst say, with the Apostle, *The passions and sufferings of this time are not worthy of the future glory which shall be revealed in us.* And therefore we ought to be willing and ready to suffer more for his sake, who, for us, suffered so much persecution.

Consider that in the end of this last Beatitude, our Saviour intimates a triple persecution, proceeding from the Heart, Word, and Deed. You are *Blessed* (saith he) *when men shall revile you and persecute you, and speak all manner of evil against you, or persecute you by casting you out of the Synagogue, &c.*

Against these three sorts of persecutions a triple patience is necessary. The first, to forgive them that hate me; The second, to compassionate and pity them that revile me; The third, to pray for them that persecute me by any corporal or temporal affliction.

The better to put this in practise, often call to mind our Saviours persecutions on the Cross, which began in the hearts of the Jews for whom notwithstanding he pray'd, *Father forgive them.* Next it was expressed by word in Blasphemies, whom nevertheless he pitied, saying, *For they know not what they do.* Thirdly, his manifold persecutions

secutions caus'd by the Jews, were made too apparent by the many wounds they inflicted, and ignominious death they put him to; All which notwithstanding, his first care on the cross was to pray for them.

Consider what King *David* saith, *Thy rod and thy staff (O God) have comforted me*: That is, the Rod of affliction and persecution, which (that we may patiently bear it) is accompanied with a staff, to wit, his all-strengthening grace, to support and bear us up, that we may go on with alacrity.

Here be confounded; for that, in light sufferings and slighter afflictions thou hast been dismayed, and dejected, though this staff were not wanting to support thee. And so out of heart, that thou hast desired to be freed from them, before thou hadst tasted the least drop of Christ's bitter cup. Whereby in suffering with him, thou mightest have tasted and seen how sweet our Lord is in his consolations, to them who suffer persecution.

Call to mind what God saith by his Prophet *Zachary*, Chap. *ii.* ver. *7.* *And I took unto me two staves; one I called Beauty, and the other I called Bands, and I fed the flock.* All Christians are his flock, and have all straid. If, to recall, or try us, he
with

OF BEATITUDES. 95

with his rod chastise us, or suffer us to be persecuted to refine and purifie us from the dross of sin, it is in our power (assisted by his heavenly grace) to bear all with patience; which if we do perform, the rod of chastisement is called *Beantie*, because it beautifie and purifies our souls. But if we murmur and repine at every cross and affliction, that falls upon us, and think we deserve not to be punish'd; the other rod is called *Bands*, wherewith we are faster tied, and more and more entangled in our sins.

O my soul, why droopest thou! Christ suffered for thee, leaving thee an example, that thou mayst follow his steps. If a little wind of persecution penetrate thy tender heart, remember where thou art, where thou sailest, what thy vessel is. In a stormy and dangerous Sea, where winds bluster, surges rise, both within, and without; passions and persecutions which disturb the crasie Ship thy Body, and as much afflict thy Soul the Passenger.

Thou art traduc'd or derided. 'Tis a wind: Anger is the billow and thou art in danger. Thou preparest to render scoff for scoff, malediction for malediction, and one revenge for another. Now thou art in danger of shipwrack.

Christ

Christ in the Ship (thy Heart) is asleep ; awake him, and he will relieve thee, and keep it from sinking. Thy Lord hears and patiently suffers, yet thou his servant art angry ; Thou must suffer with me, if thou wilt reign with me : *The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.*

The body of Christ, that is to say, his Church, saith S. Augustine, is detain'd in the wine-press of persecutions and oppressions. But in this wine-press affliction is beneficial. While the Grape is on the Vine, it suffers not, it appears sound and whole, nothing then distills from it, untill it be put into the press, and there crush'd and trampled on. This might seem injurious to the grape but not without benefit. Nay, were it not thus handled, it would remain but to it self barren and grateful to none.

A SHORT
RECAPITULATION
OF THE
VIII. BEATITUDES,

By way of
MEDITATION.

O Blessed Saviour, thou hast left for us a Ladder of eight steps, to ascend to Heaven. If by thy assisting grace I ascend but to the first step, mine is the Kingdom of Heaven; and being arrived at the highest step, by suffering persecution for righteousness sake, I can ascend no higher, I end where I began, for to suffer persecution, is to be poor in spirit, ready, rather to lose all, then deny thee, ready to be deprived of transitory things, then lose the eternal.

I. Thy Nakedness tells me thou wert poor in Spirit, and desire; coveting nothing but me, and my Salvation: What then would I have on earth but thee?

II. By thy Head inclined I understand
E thou

thou wert *Meek*, and humble, humbled even unto the death of the Cross. So may I, assisted by thy powerful grace, bear all afflictions with patience, and be angry with none but such as seek to deprive me of thee, my God, and all things.

III. On thine *Eyes* distilling tears, I read, *Blessed are they that mourn*. May I never mourn but for my sins, nor grieve but for the loss of thee.

IV. On thy *sacred Mouth*, crying out, *I thirst*, I read, thou didst hunger and thirst after righteousness, that I might be justified by thy Death and Passion. Grant (sweet Jesu) I may ever hunger and thirst after this.

V. By thy *wounded Side* I find thou wert *merciful*, giving all thy precious blood for my redemption. May I be merciful to thee in thine, that I may finally find mercy.

VI. Let thy *pierced Heart*, most pure and exempt from all sin, teach me to prepare a *pure and clean heart* for thee.

VII. By thy *sacred Hands* nailed, I understand

derstand thou wert the grand Peace-maker. Vouchsafe to infuse into my soul true and perfect Charity, that I may have peace withall for thee, and during this life make my peace with thee.

VIII. Lastly, By thy Feet, pierced with nails, I read, they are blessed that suffer persecution, which thou didst, even unto the death of the Cross. Grant me grace to suffer for thee, to bear afflictions patiently, that, with thee, I may reign eternally.

Amen.

O good Jesu, to reign with thee is to suffer with thee. On the Cross thou art surrounded with the eight Beatitudes. Here I must seek them exemplified in thy self, on Mount Calvary, to find them perfected on Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem.

I. I behold the Cornal-tree, where, without leaves to shrowd it, the blossom lies naked, and expos'd to the blustering winds; And on the Tree of the Cross, as naked I behold my Saviour, poor in Spirit, poor in Will and Desire: as naked dying, as born, for us.

Uncloath thy self then, O my soul, and be as naked in thine affections to the leafy vanities and riches of this life, which

is but a sojourning for poor mortality.

II. I see the Arch'd *Indian-Fig-tree*, greedy to possess the Land with a thousand shoots, which descend to take deep root in the earth. And on the Tree of the Cross, I behold our Lord meekly bowing down his Head, humbled even to the death of the Cross, to take possession of the Land of the Living, for me an exile, by as many shoots, as sighs, prayers, tears, and drops of blood, as he shed for me a lost sinner.

O my soul, where are thy humble shoots that should descend, that they may ascend to the Land of promise? where are thy submissive thoughts that should lowly bend to the earth, by acknowledgment of thy unworthiness and ingratitude, to so good and merciful a Lord? Thou art now in possession of a barren Land, thy body; where thou canst not, nor must not, take deep root. Heaven is thy Land, this thy place of banishment. Thither let thy thoughts ascend to be deeply rooted, by an eternal possession.

III. I view the *Myrrhe-tree* weeping drop after drop, but when prick'd and wounded, it more abundantly distills. Thus came I weeping and mourning into a vale.

vale of tears, like a taper by the wind soon extinguish'd; like a spark in the Sea, as soon swallowed up; like a froth, suddenly vanishing; and a vapour, scatter'd in the air. Have I not, then cause to weep, to prevent a future mourning, and acquire a happiness and consolation, which is promised to *Mourners*?

Then I cast mine eyes on Christ crucified, and weeping on the Cross, why? for my sins. Why like a *Myrrhe-tree* wounded over all his body, distilling blood? To give light to my glimmering taper, fire to my spark, substance to my frothy soul, and purer air to my dusky vapour.

Thirdly, I will summon my heart, and expostulate with my soul, why she would be usher'd by her eyes to the aspect of vainer objects, yet never made use of them to bewail her sins with tears? And if the *Myrrhe-tree* stab'd or launc'd with a knife dissolves it self into tears, why doth she not procure by her sighs and prayers, that my heart, wounded with true compunction, may be liquified into tears of grief?

IV. I seem to behold the *Glove-tree* hungering (as it were) and thirsting after the strengthening moisture of the earth, which

it continually attracts; Then I seem to hear my Saviour cry out, *I thirst*, to express his ardent desire of our Salvation. And then, O my soul, (say I) canst thou hear thy Lord crying out, *I thirst*, and yet present him with no other potion then a cup full of absinth (thy sins) which are more bitter to him then Vinegar and Gall, of which he tasting would not drink.

O my soul, taste and see how sweet our Lord is, who, to revive and refresh thee (which wert like dry and barren earth) showered down his precious blood, from his wounded body, veins, and heart, till it was totally exhausted.

O what an excessive thirst did this cause in thy Saviour! what a *Consummation* was this? what bounty, when he reserv'd not to himself so much as one drop of blood?

O my soul, if he gave thee all that was most precious, doubt not to say with his royal Prophet, *What shall I give unto our Lord for all he hath given me?* what less then an entire heart and soul, with all her powers, to love, honour, and serve him?

V. Next I imagine I see the fruit of *Adams Apple-tree* cut in two, which presents us with a cross, which bare the Saviour
our

our of the World, in whom I behold as many crosses, as stripes, and scourges, enterlac'd in his tender flesh.

It was the fruit of the forbidden Tree, wherein (being eaten) were included as many crosses as miseries, now incident to wretched man; As hunger, thirst, cold, heat, infirmities, &c. which render him miserable, and consequently to be pitied.

O my soul, commiserate at least thine own self, encompassed with so many frailties, casualties, and anxieties of mind. Turn which way thou wilt, thou canst not be long exempted from one calamity or other

Wherefore, seeing to be *Misericors* (that is to say, merciful) is to have an agrieved and pitiful heart, as it were, always bearing a cross, let thine be dolor, sorrow and compunction for thy sins.

V l. Imagine you behold the *green Fig*, pick'd, and pierc'd by a little Gnat or Fly, whence distills a drop, as it were, of hony. And then say, O my green, hard, and immature Heart, where is that compunction that is requisite for thee? O that thou wert thus pierc'd and wounded with grief for thy sins; that sweet delight, like a honey-drop, might issue forth: for while it resides within

thee, thou canst never come to maturity; for where sin predominates, Grace must needs be an Exile.

Then reflect your Eye on our Saviour's Heart wounded with a Spear, and say, Lord, Were not thy larger wounds in thy Hands and Feet sufficient pledges, and testimonies of thy excessive Love? Why then, after thy death, wouldst thou receive so deep a wound in thy Heart?

Ah! If Death were stronger than Love in thee, when by him thou wert vanquish't, he seizing thy Heart, Love again, even after Death, was more powerful by opening that sacred rift, whence issued the Sacraments, and where the Gate of Heaven is as it were opened to such as truly repent.

VII. Sometimes I reflect mine Eye on the *Wood-Bind*, which, wheresoever it grows, is alwayes binding, and uniting branch with branch, or winding round about a Tree; to teach me, that Peace, Unity, Union, and Concord, are the special Objects at which I must aim, both in respect of God and my Neighbour. Love must be like a pair of *Wood-Bind* shoots, issuing from the same stock which lay hold of two neighbouring boughs or branches.

If by Love I unite my Heart and Soul to God, by Love I must likewise be united with my Neighbour. And, in like manner, if I have made my Peace with God, I must do the like with my Neighbour offended. For as I forgive, so I desire to be forgiven: And consequently, as I have Peace with my Neighbour, so I desire God would be pacified: So shall I have inward Peace accompanied with outward Charity and Love; like a Honey-Suckle odoriferous, that breaths nothing but sweetness.

Then I reflect on the *Wood-Bind*, Christ Jesus on the Cross, the grand Peace-maker, stretching forth his Arms, and pacifying his Father justly incens'd against sinners. O what an amorous far-spreading *Wood-Bind* was our Lord! Stretching from end to end strongly, by fastning the Hands of Justice, and disposing all things sweetly; like a Honey-Suckle, breathing nothing but sweetness of Peace, even for his greatest Enemies, crying out, *Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do*: And to the penitent Thief, *This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise*. As if he had said, I have made thy Peace, and prepared for thee a place of Repose. Thy remove shall be from a turbulent world and stormy Sea, to a quiet and secure Haven.

O my Soul, Canst thou yet be so unsettled in thy Resolves ! So wavering and inconstant in good purposes ! Christ is thy *Wood-Bind* to fasten thee ; and hath as many bands to tie thee, as pains he endured, and drops of Blood which he powred out for thy Redemption. Consider seriously, how infinitely thou art oblig'd. How innumerable the ties of his transcendent Love ; like so many Tendrels, or *Wood-Bind* wreathes, circling and clasping round about thee, to attract and draw thee unto Himself ; who, exalted from the Earth, promised he would draw all things : But how ? In the bands of *Adam*, and links of Charity.

VIII. When I walk into the garden, (where every Plant invites the Eye to behold, and the Heart to consider) I oftner cast a glance on the *Vine*, which, when I view prun'd and despoyl'd of her branches, this (think I) would move an ignorant Man to Compassion, to see a flourishing Vine so cut and mangled, and fast nayl'd to a wall, that knows not that this kind of Cruelty, is Courtesie and favour ; for thereby it becomes more fruitful. The like happeneth to Christians persecuted, who in the sight of the unwise seem to be wretched and dye,
and

and their deparrure destruction, yet they a little chastised shall be greatly rewarded; for God prunes and proves them, and finds them worthy for himself, saith the Wise-man.

Then let the true Vine, Christ Jesus, occur, prun'd, and despoyl'd, humbled unto death, for which God gave him a Name above all names, who invites us to suffer with him that we may reign with him, in a Kingdom acquired by them who suffer persecution for righteousness sake: In a Kingdom which is conquered, as it were by force, and snatch'd by violence.

O my Soul, thou likewise art a Vine, and must be prun'd: Nay more, if thy Hand offend thee; if like a Vine-branch, it spread too far, by coveting earthly things, it must be cut off. If thine Eye offend thee, by presenting thee with objects of vain delights, it must be pulled out, and cast from thee. That is, what ever Creature, or whatever delight, as dear unto thee as thy Hand or Eye, must be deserted and cast off, if they with-draw thee from the Service of God, or go about to betray thee to everlasting destruction.

O my Soul, there is but one thing necessary, the grand concernment, Salvation, which relates to Jesus, that is, a Saviour.

O that

O that thou couldst tru'y say, Now I begin to be the Disciple of Christ, desiring nothing visible to the Eye that I may find Christ Jesus. Seek him then in these ensuing Ejaculatories.

Upon Christ's Nakedness.

O Good Jesu, I read in thy *nakedness*, that thou wert *poor in Spirit*, poor in Will, and desire of having any thing in this world: So poor in Spirit, that, as thou cam'st naked into the World, so as naked thou wouldst depart hence. So poor in this World, that living and dying thou hadst not whereon to rest thy Head. What is then in Heaven for me, or what do I desire on Earth but thee? O the God of my Heart, my portion, my God for ever!

On his Head inclining.

Against Pride and Impatience.

O Good Jesu, I behold thy Head meekly bowing down, while the ungrateful *Jews* blaspheme and revile thee. All which thou enduredst with infinite Patience and Meekness, to possess the Land for us Sinners; who, transported by Pride and Impatience, are tost by the waves of violent perturbations. Ah! who can behold thee on the Cross humbly inclining thy dying Head? Who can be impatient, that beholds thee so meekly suffering? O my Soul, that thou mayst possess thy self, and the Land of the Living; learn of thy Saviour to be humble, meek, and patient.

On

On Christ's Eyes.

Against Excessive Mirth.

O Good Jesu, I behold thy sacred Eyes distilling bloody tears, and I hear thee say, *Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.* If thou (O Lord) wert comforted by mourning, because by thy tears thou wert to redeem me a Sinner; Great cause have I to mourn with thee, since my sins were the cause of thy weeping and sorrow. Great cause have I to weep and bewail my sins, that I may be comforted, yea, and rejoyce, seeing by thy dolorous Passions, I obtain a full redemption to my Soul.

On his Mouth.

Against Fear and Pusillanimity.

O Good Jesu, I behold thy sacred Mouth, and hear thee say, *I Thirst:* Whereby I learn that thou didst hunger and thirst after righteousness, that my poor

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poor sinful Soul might be justified. What then should my hunger and thirst be, but a desire to suffer with thee, that I may reign with thee? Why then should I fear? Why should I be so much dejected? Thou art my Captain, I must follow thee: Thou art the Way, I must not leave thee: Thou art Life, and therefore I cannot live without thee. O my God and all things! *As the Hart thirsteth after the fountain of waters, so doth my Soul unto thee.*

On his Side.

Against Unmercifulness.

O Good Jesu, I behold Blood and Water issuing from thy wounded Side, and seem to hear thee say, *Blessed are the merciful, for they shall find mercy.* Thou (O Lord) wert so merciful, so bountiful, that thou gavest the last droppe of thy precious Blood, which streamed from thy wounded Heart for my redemption. O hard Heart of mine! Should I behold thee in the poor, and not commiserate thee; or behold thee in the naked, and not cloth thee; or in the sick, and not visit thee; or in the hungry,

hungry, and not feed thee! Thou gavest all, even to the last drop of Blood, to redeem me a vile Sinner. O that I could give, and surrender all I am and have to thee, my God and Saviour! O that I could love thee with an entire Heart, and with all the powers of my Soul!

On his Heart.

Against Impure Thoughts.

O Good Jesu, I behold thy tender Heart pierc'd through with a cruel Spear, and seem to hear thee say, *Blessed are the clean of Heart, for they shall see God.* O that my sinful Heart were transfixt with sorrow for my sins, by true compunction, that I may have the happiness to behold my God, by having a clean Heart, and purified Soul by true Contrition. Jesu, be merciful to me a Sinner, that I may have a Contrite Heart, deeply wounded and transfixt with sorrow, as often as I behold thy wounded Side and Heart, whence flowed Blood and Water: With which, thou (O Lord) shalt sprinkle me, and I shall be clean; thou shalt

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shalt wash me, and I shall be whiter than Snow.

On Christ's Hands.

Against perturbations of Mind.

O Good Jesu, I behold thy sacred Hands pierced through with nails, and seem to hear thee say, *Blessed are the Peace-makers, for they shall be called the Children of God.* Thou (O Lord) wert the great Peace-maker, who didst interpose thy self betwixt thy Heavenly Father and us Sinners. Thou hast made our Peace, yet still I find disquiet of Mind upon slight occasions, vain fears, and worldly respects. Therefore I appeal to thee the great Peace-maker, and Son of God, and beseech thee to assist me with thy powerful Grace, that I likewise may be a Peace-maker, not onely externally amongst such as are at variance, but likewise inwardly, that I may pacifie my own Soul, and thereby become the peaceful Child of God, who seeks repose in a Soul free from anxious thoughts and worldly perturbations. *Amen*

On

On his Feet.

Against Fear of Persecution.

O Good Jesu, I behold thy sacred Feet pierced through with nails, and seem to hear thee say, *Blessed are they that suffer Persecution for righteousness sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.* Thou (O Lord) wert persecuted unto death, even the death of the Cross: For which God gave thee a Name above all Names. O Blessed Saviour, since thou hast promised a Kingdom to them that suffer with thee and for thee; I must not, I cannot, presume to reign with thee, unless I suffer for thy sake. And since no Man shall be crowned but he that lawfully fights for thy Honour, and suffers for thy Glory, why should I be so backward, so timorous, so unwilling to undergo whatever Persecution it pleases thee to send, or to permit, which I should receive as a Favour from Heaven, and certain pledge of thy Love and Favour; who, being a Loving Father receivest no Child whom thou dost not chastise. Under whose Rod
of

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of Correction, may I humbly, through
thy powerful Grace submit, and fully
reign my Will, to be a chosen Member of
that Kingdom, which thou hast promised
to them that suffer Persecution, for thy
Names sake. *Amen, Amen.*

Refuse me out of the hand
of such as thy people with-
stand.



Documētū Children, they wholly
whole powerful arms in my hands
were drawn forth to work
effects:
whole, faithful souls, like to a
Part

of children, as you thing
whole Daughters, cross, their
Tribulation
Bless (trouble-like) in this way
whole arms are faithful, whole
that go
standing before the light of day

Part of the 143. Psalm para-
 phras'd, concerning true
 Beatitude.

O Rescue me out of the hand
 Of such as thy behests with-
 stand,
 Degenerate Children, they, wholly,
 And utter naught but vanity.
 Whose powerful Arms in my distress,
 Were Arms stretch'd forth to wick-
 edness:
 Whose Youthfull Sonns, like to a
 Spring,
 Of vigorous shoots, are flourishing;
 Whose Daughters, dress'd, their
 Pride display,
 Deckt (Temple-like) in rich array;
 Whose store of Corn abundant lies,
 Heapt up in their rich Granaries.
 Whose Ewes are fruitful, flocks,
 that go
 Mantling the Earth like drifts of snow.
 Whose

*Whose Oxen prosper, fat, and fair,
And in whose Walls no ruins are:
Nor noyse of Thieves, or Rogues, that
meet,*

*Or hideous out-cries in the Street.
Such some admire, and Happy call,
Cause they have blessings temporal;
But I him Blest have understood,
Whose Lord to him is God, all good.*

F I N I S.

Whose Oxen prosper, fat, and fair,
And in whose Walls no ruin are:
Nor wayle of Thieves, or Rogues, that
sweet

Or hideous out-cries in the street,
Such some admire, and happy call,
Cause they have blessing temporal;
But I him blest have understood,
Whose Lord to him is God, all good.

FINIS.



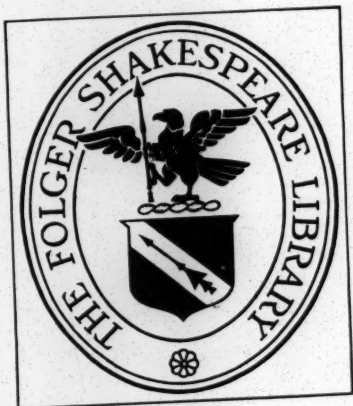


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